IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

The New REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Saturday April 17th 1915

With this issue:

SPRING LITERARY REVIEW

A supplement with articles on

Joseph Conrad
Theodore Dreiser
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EDEN PHILLPOTTS' NEW NOVEL

BRUNEL'S TOWER

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME II | New York, Saturday, April 17, 1915 | NUMBER 24

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IN the midst of this hideous war we have more serious tasks before us than to work up a rage because Count von Bernstorff and the German government have been discourteous. Moreover, we are perhaps in no position to throw stones, for our own diplomacy has at times exhibited a certain rawness. If discourtesy were the only fault of the Bernstorff note, we could afford to say that these are tragic days and that there is no time for punctilio. But the note is not simply discourteous. It is dishonest, and it is designed to make trouble. Dishonest, because the German government knows that the export of arms is entirely legitimate; that if the positions were reversed and if Germany had command of the sea, no such advice would have come from Germany; that the mere fact of its being given after eight months of war proves that it is an afterthought. This dishonest argument was used for one reason only, and that for the purpose of making trouble. Count von Bernstorff was not addressing the State Department; he was addressing the German people at home and the pro-Germans here. He was trying to turn American opinion against the President, to create a political issue in this country. That is new quality in American politics. Of honesty and more serious than any discourtesy. That is an in- force of intrigue what was done to Belgium by force of arms.

IF German troublemaking continues, Americans will begin to believe that there is truth in the weird tales current in Europe about the methods of German diplomacy. There are a number of things that require explanation. It would be interesting to know what are the secret activities of Dr. Dernburg. He has so plainly avowed his contempt for our intelligence that there is good reason for supposing him to be a little less than scrupulous. It would be interesting, too, to know the full activities of Captain Boy-Ed and how far they can be squared with our neutrality. It would be well if clearer accounts were given of Mr. Hammerling's activities in the publishers' offices of the foreign-language press. We should like to know who nominated Emperor William and Emperor Francis Joseph for municipal office in Chicago. More might be said about the abuse of American passports. There are explanations to be made concerning the so-called "harbor plot" at New York. Suspicion is easy and dangerous, and when directed against another government it should never be cast lightly. But the circumstantial evidence is rather damaging. There seems to be a concerted attempt to split apart the people of this country into two hostile camps. If German officials countenance that, they are committing a very subtle crime. They are attacking the popular foundations of our government. It is a piece of work which it will be difficult for us to forgive.

ON Monday evening the Fusion administration in New York City made an accounting to the Citizens Committee of One Hundred and Seven which elected it. Those who heard Mayor Mitchel tell the story of his fifteen months in office came away with the feeling that there was a

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is so honest that it does not have to pride itself on its honesty. What was really impressive was the absence in men like the Mayor and his associates of all political rhetoric, political cant, and political fag. They displayed a technical mastery of municipal problems which in our opinion is beyond anything known in American city politics. It was a new generation speaking, a generation trained in scientific methods, accustomed to judging by results, hampered by no network of phrases, complacent about nothing, and ready to proceed as fast as conditions seemed to permit. These new officials are not crusaders, they are not great leaders of men, they may perhaps lack the gift of imparting vision. But they are public officials whose minds are sensitive and whose intelligence is trained. They have passed far beyond the reform which was good intentions surrounded by incompetence. They have put a stiffening element into liberal politics, a fibrous quality which should give its work a far greater permanence. Their courage, too, is of a new kind. It is the courage of inconspicuous effort, the will to do the things which are not showy, the readiness to serve the people in ways that the people generally have not yet sufficiently learned to appreciate. The men uttered no word of discouragement. In the great reaction they did not rush to cover. They left those who heard them with the clear sense that they were eager to deal with the greater problems of city life if only the legislature would give them the power and the people their support. That power the Constitutional Convention can grant; the support must come from public opinion. The time is a good one, for there is no group of men in American municipal office so qualified to inaugurate complex reforms and set a great example.

WALL Street thinks it is betting on peace in Europe before September first, and that that is why prices are rising joyously on the Stock Exchange. But that is not the reason at all. If you should want to make bets on the chronology of the war it would be cheaper and neater to do it with Lloyd's, and if you did prefer to do it in the stock market, you would surely not buy the shares of corporations that are doing a large war trade, like Bethlehem Steel, in order to anticipate the benefits and profits of peace. No; Wall Street, through no effort of its own, suddenly finds itself in the lap of a blissful opportunity to practice optimism gainfully. This is wonderful when it happens; it does not happen often. You believe in your country, and you buy stocks, and you make money. That is all. Everybody somehow gets to prejudice and fallacious conclusions based upon a

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away with the game. It has not got in deep enough for that yet, but it is getting in very fast. It has a lot of idle money to play with. Symptoms of an incipient speculative mania are almost unmistakable.

THE Alaska railway route has at last been selected, and nothing now stands in the way of the construction of the road and the opening up of the natural resources of a territory said to be rich beyond estimation. Some 438 miles of railway are to be built at a cost of $26,800,000—figures that indicate a rather difficult route, according to American standards. If the coal deposits are as valuable as is reported, the investment is sure to pay. It will be some years, however, before it begins to pay, for the work is apparently to be carried on with exemplary conservatism. Only forty miles are to be constructed this year. Is this because we need time for preliminary engineering work, to make sure that the road shall be as nearly perfect as is humanly possible? No: because only $2,000,000 are available. Thus we see that a construction enterprise, backed by the colossal financial resources of the United States, is practically under the same handicap as one promoted by an anxious private financier, forced to scrape together a few hundred thousands in one market, a million or two in another. In both cases the advantages of a period of cheap material and abundant labor are forfeited; in both cases interest is lost on capital tied up in a fragment of road beginning nowhere and ending nowhere. But the private financier who does not succeed in a reasonable time in pushing his enterprise through to a profitable conclusion goes to the wall; the public financier who regards time and eternity as though they were one, may none the less be awarded the honors of constructive statesmanship.

"THE spirit of progression and cooperation which exists between the student body and the teaching force is very noticeable, and much of the progress which the School is making can be attributed to the enthusiasm which thus prevails." This is an extract from a report just made to the Board of Directors of the General Alumni Society of the University of Pennsylvania by the Committee on the Wharton School of Economics. This same committee has found in the Wharton School "one discordant note, viz.: the tendency on the part of certain elements in the teaching staff to seek publicity by discussions of various public topics in a manner which is likely to arouse class

discordant note be silenced or at least muted? The Committee knows how. It "takes this occasion to place itself on record as squarely opposed to the use of the fair name of the University as a point of vantage for utterances foreign to the scheme of its teaching and ideals in education, and recommends that where such members of the teaching staff are not willing to subscribe to its policies, their services should be dispensed with."

IF the General Alumni Society of the University of Pennsylvania agrees with the Committee on the Wharton School of Economics, and if the authorities of the university take the action suggested, a heresy hunt will probably be started in the Wharton School. A particular brand of economic teaching will receive a certificate of orthodoxy. Teachers suspected of heterodoxy will be invited to recant and take an oath of conformity. Those who refuse will have to go. For the next few months the Wharton School will be worth watching. Its "policies" will be inferred from the kind of men removed or advised to resign. And when the resignations and removals have taken place, when the heretics have been ejected, when no teachers remain in the school save those whose orthodoxy or docility is spotless, we wonder what will happen to that "spirit of progression and cooperation which exists between the student body and the teaching force." Can students be taught to think for themselves by professors who have promised to think alike?

A PROPOSAL is made by the Public Health Committee of Academic Medicine that the quarantine station at the port of New York should be transferred from state control to that of the National Public Health Service. In view of epidemics abroad and the great danger that they will spread to this country, it is of the greatest importance that national precaution should be taken against the spread of disease. As the Federal government controls all the services connected with the administration of the port of New York, and as the quarantine is logically a part of the immigration service, there is every reason why this change should be made, and at once.

SOME judicial precedents fall on stony ground, and wither. Others take root in fertile soil, and bear fruit. Of the latter type the decision of the Supreme Court in 1907, that the State of Oregon could restrict the labor of women in laundries to ten hours a day, is a notable example. How fruitful it has been was shown in the recent action of the same court upholding the California hospital workers. With the dialectic skill in which the members of the court are past masters, and the weapons of technical sophistry so readily at the command of the legal mind, it would not have been impossible to "distinguish away" the Oregon case, and others in which it has been followed. No law reducing hours so drastically in occupations not inherently dangerous had previously been sustained. None included within its scope so many employments not primarily industrial. Yet the court sustained the law unanimously, and asserted once more in unmistakable terms that the policy of such a statute, its detailed application, and the soundness of the economic views which underlie it, are matters that concern the legislature and not the judiciary. The decision is important in its immediate effect; moreover it is an augury of the future. It encourages a hope that the mechanical theory of constitutional guaranties which found expression last January in the annulment of the Kansas statute forbidding discrimination against labor unions is not the only philosophy which can inspire the court.

THIS week the delegates from the Women's Peace Party of America set sail for the Hague, where women of all nations are to gather for conference. Their program is to include a general protest against war, a plea for a federation of neutrals, and the foundation of a woman's international peace party. They go to emphasize, for the jaded and blunted senses of all the peoples of the earth, what war means to women. They are determined to demonstrate how actively women hate war, how positively they mean to work for peace, and what a force of public opinion they represent. Many of these delegates come from countries where their desires can be registered in votes; all of them live in civilized states where women's personal power and freedom is large. They have convened to capitalize the great store of individual suffering, and with it to found an organization which will set to work as soon as the war is over to reconstruct the ruins. At a time when the world is split apart there is significance and inspiration in this union of women from many lands.

CAN it be that Assemblyman Hinman, majority leader in the New York assembly, finds that party reasons make it undesirable to continue reducing the death rate? So at least a harsh critic might interpret his attack upon the revised law of 1913, which provided for a Public Health Council, for the establishment of a sanitary code,

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Sanitary experts throughout the country approve the New York administration, and Massachusetts, Texas, Maryland, Kansas, Michigan, and New Jersey contemplate adopting the provisions of the New York law. The Public Health Council, which includes Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, Commissioner of Health, Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute, and Professor Henry N. Ogden of Cornell University, drew up the sanitary regulations. Though a Democrat, Dr. Biggs appointed Republicans to six out of eight administrative positions and to eleven out of twenty sanitary supervisors' positions. As a result of this administration the vital statistics for the eight months from July to February as compared with a corresponding period of the previous year show 2,000 less deaths.

THE Hinman bills are aimed at the heart of the present system of public health. One of them doubles the work of the already overworked sanitary supervisors by reducing the number of districts from twenty to ten. Another makes the regulations of the Public Health Council subject to the approval of the legislature. A third empowers the Commissioner of Health to increase or decrease the number of divisions of the Department of Health and to consolidate them and change their names. The fourth bill removes the power of the Public Health Council to prescribe the qualifications of directors of divisions and health officers. In the fifth is the final touch of partisanship which makes all five bills kin. It provides that the Commissioner of Health, who is now forbidden by law to engage "in any occupation which would conflict with the performance of his official duties," "shall devote his entire time to the duties of his office." It is conceded that the immediate effect of such a change in the law would be the withdrawal from office of Dr. Biggs, Democrat. From the standpoint of a Republican assemblyman this may look like a valuable result. But is it as valuable as the administrative efficiency which saved 2,000 lives?

WHAT should be the average life-expectancy of a fifty-cent handkerchief? This is one of the important questions to which we hope the statistical expert will some day turn his attention. At present we are living in a world demoralized by the ugliest suspicions regarding the great modern institution of the public laundry. There is hardly a man or woman who does not believe that the laundryman is a Machiavellian, concocting subtle corrosive chemicals that quickly reduce the stoutest

The Bill of Rights Again

IT is with no personal hostility that we revert again to Mr. Root; so far as we can see now, the New York Constitutional Convention will be overshadowed by his beliefs and dominated by his personality. The small body of liberal Republicans from whom we have most to hope and who will probably be led by Mr. Stimson, will look to Mr. Root for countenance, and will expect to gain strength by his support. At present he stands in an almost sacramental relation to conservatives throughout the country; he is their mouthpiece, their solace and their hope; his opinions are more likely to affect the fundamental political law of New York than those of anyone else. And so his "keynote" speech at the first session of the convention has much more than a passing interest.

If we omit the earlier part of it, we do so with no partiality for criticism. The consolidation of executive responsibility and the elimination of a distracting ballot are perhaps the only points of agreement among nearly all intelligent political thinkers. The effort which Mr. Stimson and his group will make to effect those reforms will be the most hopeful movement in the Convention; it deserves the warmest support, and Mr. Root's speech gives it encouragement at the outset. More important than any specific measure, however, is the general spirit of his approach to constitution-making.

But the conclusion of this speech would be almost impossible in any other country than our own, for in it Mr. Root stands squarely committed to that theory of government, based upon natural rights, long since abandoned elsewhere. We had supposed that it persisted even here only in the occasional judicial utterances of elderly judges, preserved, like the relics of some saint, for purposes of piety and thaumaturgy. The dignity and ability of this last espouser of the doctrine, however disheartening their presence on its side, certainly justify some consideration of the doctrine itself. Dialectically it has always been easy to explode, though it has, properly enough, shown the vitality of an underlying meaning by surviving its explosion.

There can, of course, be no such a thing as a right which is independent of the state, as Bentham and John Austin long since pointed out. Were it not so, we should have to adopt a wholly vague meaning for the word "right" or else admit that we were not talking of legal rights at all. The history of such a doctrine goes far back of the eighteenth century, and has been thought by scholars to have its origin in religious and not in

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been put. When Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence he was thinking of the Parliament's impositions, largely economic, and he found "inalienable rights" a handy slogan for a people who had at last been driven to desperation by a persistent effort to subject their internal economic development to an industrial England not yet liberated by the ideas of free trade. When the same Jefferson wrote the same ideas into the first Constitutional amendments, he wanted to restrain a too strong central government, not because he feared "the mob," but because he thought that a strong government would be the proper tool of the classes who up to that time had chiefly wanted a strong government—the rich, industrial and financial classes. It was only when the legislatures began to reflect a broader democratic opinion that the doctrine became the palladium of our liberties against the inconsiderate attacks of popular license. Such a palladium it now is to Mr. William Barnes. To-day, when Mr. Root speaks of it as the foundation of society, whether he thinks so or not he is speaking in behalf of the institution of property in the extreme individualistic sense of the term. The tables are turned, and the doctrine has become the mainstay of conservatism. If there be those who still think of it as a means to resist the oppression of the strong, they should realize that the strong who will be resisted are the people at large, and that the oppression will be by them, not of them.

However, it is of course no final answer to a doctrine that it may now protect the rich from the poor. The real answer is that, as regulative principles, "natural rights" are wholly unworkable in practice. What does the pursuit of happiness mean? What does the right to property or liberty mean? Nobody believes that everyone may do what he likes with his own. Nobody really believes that limitations can be imposed upon him only when he interferes with somebody else; if this were so, there could be no schools, nor fire-engines, nor parks, nor canals, nor highroads, nor much else that we value. And in what sense has a man the right to speak of his own; how is he the creator of his own property, or of his own powers, or even of his own character? Outside of society he has never existed and could not exist; his acquisitions, his capacities, his will, even his desires are all the creation of his time and of his people. What inalienable rights has he against the community that made him and supports him?

As morality the doctrine does no better than it does as law. If the discussion could soar less loftily, if our friends would agree that we had only acquisition or ambition, or when we could expect satisfactory social action and when we must leave it to the individual, we should have no quarrel. If they even confined themselves to the conventional psychological assumptions of human conduct and asserted the universal need of appealing to men's selfish side, we might be doubtful but we should think them at least entitled to a hearing. They insist upon invoking abstract principles, instead of trying to determine for concrete cases whether social control should supersede individual initiative; they must lay down fundamental principles for the very constitution of society; how can we discuss that seriously? What guide is there in such rhetorical phrases to life with its conflicting purposes and passions?

There is no guide whatever, but there are results. The doctrine helps to preserve the institution of property, as we inherit it; it helps to prevent us from saying how far one man who has wealth may control the conduct of another who has not; it helps to prevent us from determining what social or individual tendencies we shall favor, what we shall depress; it will in general prevent us from imposing a social ideal, and compel us to leave a social anarchy. It is a faith, not an idea, and, as with all faiths piously held, its content is chiefly feeling. Vague, conflicting, turgid, abstract, as anyone may see who interprets the decisions of the courts, it offers no comfort to the mind, but it is a balm to the timid heart of reaction.

The Control of Births

ONE fact is clear from the response to an editorial in THE NEW REPUBLIC in the issue of March sixth on the control of births: the subject is one which large numbers of men and women all over the country are ready to discuss. If we were at liberty to name some of the people who have approved the position there taken, no doubt would exist in anyone's mind that there is to educated people nothing strange and nothing outlandish in the propaganda. There has been argument, of course, and a great deal of objection, but what is really important is that there has been very little objection to arguing the question. When men and women are willing to reason, the first taboo is shattered.

It would be folly, however, to underestimate the opposition. There were a few people so angered that they could not find words to express themselves. They referred us to the Bible, and more than one of them cancelled his subscription. We heard from a few people who did not know

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nary ignorance of the simplest facts about sex that one wondered how they could conceivably be parents of children. A few doctors wrote in a vein that betrayed almost complete absence of information both of hygiene and of law.

Some of our friends thought that we were compromising anything we might say about social problems. They reminded us that the serious discussion of sex casts suspicion over all other ideas; that in American politics, for example, no public man would dare to be anything but rigidly conventional in his views about sex matters. They seemed to feel that nationalization of railroads or intelligent treatment of unemployment would be injured if men and women who advocated these reforms gave any indication that sex was a subject to be discussed. To all this friendly advice the answer is very simple. The population question is a social question of the first magnitude, and there can be no enlightened approach to economic problems which shirks a study of the human family. If the family is the foundation of the state, then ignorance, accident, and misery cannot be permitted to eat into the foundations of the family. If the quality of human births and the nurture of children is the supreme concern of the race, then a refusal to discuss the question of a controlled family is equivalent to asserting that intelligence should not govern the central issues of life.

About the need for discussion itself there can hardly be two opinions. Prevention is practiced in all parts of the civilized world. In England the matter became a public issue in 1876, as a result of the trial of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant; and 1876 may be taken as the date which marks the beginning of the deliberate regulation of the family. The English birth-rate tells a remarkable story. "From 1853, when accurate statistics began to be kept, up to 1876, the birth-rate rose from a little over 33 to more than 36 per 1000" (see "The Small Family System," by C. V. Drysdale, published by B. W. Huebsch). In 1910 the birth-rate had fallen to 25 per 1000. The sharpness of the turn at the year 1876 leaves almost no doubt that the fall is due to artificial means. It is well to notice that the death-rate has also declined since 1876, falling from about 23 per 1000 to approximately 14. The population of England, says Dr. Drysdale, has been increasing almost as fast as it did before the birth-rate began to decline. The German birth-rate between 1876 and 1910 fell from a little over 40 to a little over 30; the death-rate fell from about 27 to 17 per 1000. In Holland, where the government sanctions the propaganda, the birth-rate has fallen from 37 per 1000 [illegible] fect or be damned" is their motto, a dogma so [illegible] that only the blindness of virtue

course, occur to all people's minds. But it is a special case requiring special discussion of French economic, social, and legal conditions. And even of France the generalization is true that while fewer people are born, more people live.

It is also instructive to consider the size of the families of professional people. Dr. Drysdale gives some English figures for the year of 1874. The average family among clergymen, including the stillborn, was 5.36; in the legal profession it was 5.32; among the aristocracy, the merchants, bankers and manufacturers it was 5.50; in the medical profession, significantly enough, it was even in 1874 only 4.96—a fact which would seem to show either that physicians were more continent than clergymen, or that they were already using contraceptives. Since 1876 the average family of married clergymen as well as of all other classes in England has unquestionably declined. All this should, if our critics are correct, have been accompanied by a riot of debauchery and a breakdown of the family. Upon this point we recommend to consideration the English figures on illegitimacy. In 1876 there were over 14 children born to every 1000 unmarried women of childbearing age; in 1909 the number of these tragedies had fallen to 8 per 1000.

The answer of many people to these statistics, and indeed to any argument for the control of births, is that all such steps are in the direction of sin: true, the birth-rate has fallen, but this means that people are living a sexual life apart from the only purpose which justifies it. They are cultivating the wrong ideal, they are yielding to the flesh and becoming insensitive to the idealism of sex. This, so far as we can discover, is the great argument used against contraception.

Such an idealism is based, we believe, on a confusion of thought. So far as society is concerned, so far as the law and the state are concerned, the supreme consideration is the quality of births and the care of the child. That consideration outweighs all others. The first interest to think about is the children—that children shall not be born whom the parents do not desire and cannot care for. If idealists could accomplish this by preaching continence, their point of view would have greater validity. But they cannot accomplish it. They are consequently in the position of adding to what they regard as the sin of the body the much greater sin of creating unwanted souls. They are in fact saying that if we cannot have a certain kind of purity, we must be resigned to the miseries that come from fertility uncontrolled. "Be perfect or be damned" is their motto, a dogma so [illegible] that only the blindness of virtue

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Surely, the humane attitude is to think first of all about the child, to sacrifice heaven, if necessary, in order to insure it tenderness and care. When that has been made certain, turn if you like to the preaching of idealism in sex. Persuade people, if you can, to substitute continence for preventives, but don't allow yourself to sink into the position of fostering indiscriminate breeding for the sake of advocating continence.

Whether continence except for propagation is the only spiritualized sexual life is no part of our argument. There are considerations involved which are too delicate to be made an item of public policy. They are considerations which lie beyond the reach of the law, and their working out is a varied and subtle process. Introduced into this discussion they merely darken counsel. We do not say that people should practice contraception; we say that they should be allowed to learn it if they wish to. They should have the means put at their disposal, the arguments for and against it explained. The rest is for them to settle in the privacy of their lives.

For a National Budget

FROM Washington, that birthplace and cemetery of forlorn hopes, comes the news that some time between now and the next meeting of Congress, President Wilson will talk with a Special Budget Committee of the House about a scheme for a budget, to be evolved by that committee during the recess. It is stated in the despatches that the President favors a budget, and it is hinted here and there that he may take the strings into his own hands and send the annual estimates to Congress in budget form.

To the ears of the tired business man—the business man grown tired of the unbusinesslike methods used by those who conduct the nation's business—these items have a familiar ring. The Keep Commission in Roosevelt's time recommended a budget; the Cleveland Commission in Taft's time recommended a budget. Mr. Wilson, without demanding a commission, endorses a budget. The one question is, shall we get a budget, or must we have another studious Commission, and another era or so of barren agitation?

It goes without saying that the body of opinion in the United States which advocates the budget idea is intelligent and large. The first referendum conducted by the United States Chamber of Commerce, which is really an American federation of business, showed an overwhelming majority for the establishment of a budget. Among professional budget, unless it be the politicians who see their temporary petty powers wrested from them, and that able campaigner against most of the forward advances of the world, general inertia. "The development of a budget system," said the Cleveland Commission, "necessarily carries with it means for developing a definite administration program, and means for presenting it and defending it before the legislative branch of the government and the country. All this seems to be definitely provided for in the Constitution, but the means for making it effective seem to have been overlooked."

Thanks to the disassociation of the branches of our Federal government, there is every chance for a big idea like the budget idea to fall between stools. Yet the fact that the caucus of the Democratic house, shortly before adjournment in March, appointed Mr. Sherley, of Kentucky, as chairman of a budget committee to serve with Speaker Clark, majority-leader Kitchin, Mr. Fitzgerald, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and two or three others, is at least a significant first step. This committee is supposed to meet during the recess between Congresses in order to prepare a budget plan for the House to consider and decide upon. This committee can present to the House in time for immediate adoption a program of changes in the rules and shifts in the standing committee system necessary for the carrying out of a budget system of making appropriations. If more leisurely in their action, Mr. Sherley and his colleagues may postpone definite steps till the second session—after the 1916 elections, a date probably too remote from another registration of the voice of the people to make the House care one way or another about a budget. If the President, however, takes the field, telling the country and Congress how much there is to spend, how it should be spent and why, this big idea may get somewhere.

Every man who has had to do in no matter how small capacity with the laborious annual task of securing appropriations for our Government knows that the present system is not what it should be. Literally no one is responsible for the estimates or for the appropriations. The Administration in the beginning puts the matter up to Congress, by sending to it a fat, undigested mass of arithmetical requests termed the "Book of Estimates." These requests have been made by the heads of the ten executive departments, based in turn upon the estimates and desires of the various divisions, services and bureaus in those departments. The general principle underlying the composition of these estimates is that the individual bureau and department is entitled to [illegible]

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Cabinet in a cursory way, the President does not assume the function of prime minister—unquestionably his and his alone under the Constitution—and interpret to the country, in terms which would be understood by every man and woman who keeps accounts, the theory on which these estimates are prepared. Congress, viewing the entire performance with suspicion, understands that the responsibility for the appropriations will finally be laid on its back, and so fights the Administration instead of cooperating with it. Tired of economy of the penny-wise stamp, it is only too apt to turn pound-foolish. The result is waste of time, waste of money, waste of work, and almost complete popular ignorance of how the Federal Government raises its revenues, what it buys with them, and the reasons of its policy.

A precise path out of this morass is yet to find, but the encouraging fact is that this Administration apparently knows where it wants to go and has started on its way. There is gloom because Chairman Sherley of the special Budget Committee, and Chairman Fitzgerald, of the Appropriations Committee, hold to two opposing solutions of the rearrangement in House committees necessary to operate a budget system. Mr. Fitzgerald would go back to the old scheme of a gigantic and all powerful Appropriations Committee, supplanting the six or eight committees now moulding the appropriation bills. Mr. Sherley would use the existing committees for working out details, while a Committee on Estimates and Expenditures would "report to the House the amount of revenue properly available for appropriation for the next fiscal year, and apportion the amount to the several appropriation bills." Inasmuch as Mr. Fitzgerald means Tammany in the House, it is not surprising to note that this member stresses economy and almost dictatorial, unquestioned power in few hands, after the fashion of Mr. Cannon, an endorser of his scheme; whereas Mr. Sherley, as befits the man of wider outlook, emphasizes that what he is after is "forcing consideration by the Congress, and through it by the country, of totals. That is the important thing that must be brought about if you are to have a reform."

When political exigency and common sense happen to demand the same thing at the same time, weak men frequently succumb. The Wilson administration has effected the establishment of such long-needed simple businesslike devices as the Federal Reserve Board and the Interstate Trade Commission. Now that half of its life is over, a deficit inevitable, existing methods of legislating supply **idea the biggest single idea** that is at once in the air? Great as have been the appeals of the Administration to business, large and little, not one will strike home as pleasantly as the inauguration of business methods in the conduct of the nation's finances. Unfortunately, however, there is less to be lost by failure along this line than there is to be won by success—and in the budget for 1916 which the Democratic National Committee, or whoever advises the President, is preparing, this truth is being clearly noted.

Futile War Indemnities

THE whole financial burden of the European war is finally to be saddled upon the vanquished; so we are told by eminent spokesmen for each party to the conflict. According to the French economist, Yves Guyot, writing in the February *North American Review*, "The Allies will simply estimate their outlay caused by the war, and the loss occasioned by the destruction of property, and then call upon Germany and Austria to foot the bill." German intentions seem to be somewhat less modest. Besides securing reimbursement for outlays, they mean to assess punitive damages. Accordingly it would appear that however the war may turn out, the administration of indemnity is sure to occupy an important place in public finance throughout the next generation, if not for a longer period.

When a private person undertakes to collect damages from those who have wronged him, he is likely to have an eye to the practicalities in the case, as well as to the equities. It is not worth while to sue for more than the defendant can pay. And the same rule holds for international relations. If the war ends before August, it will have cost the Allies, in direct outlays and in loss of property, at least ten billions—more probably fifteen billions. If it lasts another year, the cost to the Allies will have amounted to thirty billions. The cost to the Teutonic powers may be put at a decidedly lower figure, perhaps at one-half the cost to the Allies—at any rate so long as most of the actual fighting is carried on beyond the German boundaries. Now, what are the chances of collecting from Great Britain and Austria sums ranging between fifteen and thirty billions if the Allies win, or of collecting eight to fifteen billions from the Allies if the Germans win?

An indemnity may be paid out of hand, through funds raised by taxation or by the sale of bonds at home or abroad, or it may stand as a long-time obligation between governments, to be liquidated gradually. It is self-evident that no very consider-

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state engaged in it will have as its first purpose the rehabilitation of its industry and trade, and this purpose would be defeated by excessive taxation. The total annual private income of the German Empire did not, before the war, exceed ten billions of dollars; the corresponding figures for Austria-Hungary may be placed at five billions. The private income of both powers will have undergone a notable shrinkage during the war; to place the total at thirteen billions would probably be to exaggerate it. Upon this thirteen billions the sustenance of 120,000,000 people will be a first charge. To extract every year for indemnity purposes one billion out of the thirteen would be a remarkable achievement of the most ruthless finance.

The expedient of raising indemnity funds through loans is more practicable. At the close of the Franco-German War France proved to have sufficient free capital to take up a billion dollar indemnity loan, and the population of France was less than a third of that of the Teutonic allies to-day. It must, however, be borne in mind that Germany and Austria are putting their resources to a strain incomparably greater than that undergone by France in 1870. It is hardly possible that any large amount of free capital will be found in Germany and Austria at the close of the war. To be sure, the two states will still have over a hundred billions in private wealth; but how can any large part of this wealth be converted into funds available for international payments? German citizens owned some six billions in foreign investments before the war; perhaps they will still own five billions when the war is over. They might sell such holdings and use the proceeds to take up shares in an indemnity loan, if they choose; but why should they choose to do so? Or funds might conceivably be secured through the sale to foreigners of part of the fixed capital of Germany—its mines, lands or factories—if foreigners could be found who cared to invest heavily in a country where taxes might be counted on to absorb much of the net returns from property. No one who attempts to define the conditions that must be met before a domestic indemnity loan could be floated can cherish any illusions about recovering the cost of a great war in this way.

The case for a foreign loan is not much better. We are assuming that the indemnity sought will be large—ten billions, at least. What would be the probable course of shares in a German indemnity loan of such magnitude in the markets of London, Paris and New York? Security against repudiation would consist solely in the assurance that the Allies will be able and able at any time to force Germany and Austria to meet the imposed obligations. Such assurance cannot of course be given. Accordingly an attempt to float a vast foreign loan would be foredoomed to failure.

There remains the possibility that the indemnity may take the form of obligations between the several nations as such. Germany and Austria might be obligated to pay, say, two billions to Belgium, a billion to Servia, three billions each to England, France and Russia. By this method resort to unwilling financial markets would be avoided. Each of the creditor states would receive into its public treasury the interest on its share in the indemnity, and ultimately the principal. But here again arises the difficulty of possible repudiation. Only by holding intact their military organization could the victors compel the vanquished to keep up the payments.

There is no possibility of exacting from a conquered nation an indemnity in excess of the amount that can be raised at once through taxation or through a domestic loan, unless the conqueror is prepared at any time to fight the war over again, upon the first sign of a tendency toward repudiation. The only way to collect ten billions from Germany and Austria would be to maintain a military occupation of those countries through ten years at least, and under a military occupation it is doubtful that industry and trade would revive sufficiently to yield any considerable revenue towards the indemnity charge. Moderate indemnities—four or five billions if Germany wins, two or three billions if the Allies win—are possible; but it appears fairly certain that in the end each nation engaged in the war will have to accept her immaterial gains—whatever these may be—as the chief offset for the losses she has been forced to endure.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1915, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT. ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y. UNDER T

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Making a Constitution

IN 1912 the Progressives in their New York State platform proposed so much that was possible only by constitutional amendment that they demanded a constitutional convention. Republicans and Democrats, to whom woman suffrage, initiative, referendum, recall and short ballot were at that time fearsome things, looked upon the convention as a happy place to which all such controversial matters could be postponed and sidetracked. So their platforms mentioned a constitutional convention with hazy approval.

The Democrats, so the rumor goes, fell to calculating. They made up their minds that it would be better to have this convention at once, while their opponents were safely split, than to wait until 1918, when it would normally be due. Therefore they took up the project, and last spring hastily ordered a costly special election.

A third of the voters went to the polls, and by a vote almost evenly divided authorized the calling of the convention. But when November came the Republicans, who had never wanted the convention anyway, found themselves in complete control of it.

In its composition the convention is a strange mixture. Some delegates grotesquely unfit to cast votes in such a body, many political hacks to whom the $1,500 salary is well and favorably known, a few delegates, such as Sheehan, Barnes, Ahearn and Haffen, with shinily sinister records, some very able, disinterested and unselfish men. Also a prospect, since the convention has power to fill its own vacancies, that more unselfishness and ability will be added. The average ability is low enough. The stars, however, were better chosen than the supers. Stimson and some of the other Republican delegates at large are of the right size. Wagner and Smith can and will do much to keep the Tammany men out of mischief. And with one advantage, all its own, the convention does start—superior equipment and information, thanks to the excellent official commission which has in advance compiled and digested appropriate data for the delegates' use.

A gratifying public interest, keen enough to send a third of the voters to the polls in spring, just discriminating enough to choose in autumn such delegates as have been chosen, is not overwhelmingly gratifying. Out of such a convention, where Tammany has to be kept out of mischief, where ultra-conservatives have to be converted, where the successful radicals will be led by Mr. Root, nothing may be expected from the convention. There is

On the list of reforms which will seriously be considered is municipal home rule. It seems assured of acceptance. The proposal is to give cities the right to draft and adopt their own charters, to give them full powers, subject to general laws, to manage their own affairs without running every few minutes to the legislature for specific permission to do every little thing. Many states have for years allowed this latitude to their municipalities. Until very recently it seemed out of reach for the cities of New York.

The short ballot will stir up the rural doctrinaires, but most of the delegates give at least lip service to the general principle, and the main fight will be to prevent the emasculation of the amendments. The proposal is to make the governor and lieutenant-governor the only elective state officers and impose upon the governor the duty of appointing the now elective secretary of state, treasurer, comptroller, attorney-general and engineer-and-surveyor without confirmation by the senate. The politicians will fight to save senatorial confirmation, and to keep the comptroller, who has considerable patronage, on the elective list. It is quite possible that there will be a substitute plan for such a thorough re-departmentalizing of the state administration that the present minor elective officers will disappear.

New York elects its judges, with results that are fairly bad in New York City and fairly good in the other half of the state. The city bar associations are solidly in favor of making the judiciary appointive and are reinforced by the short-ballot advocates, who point out that the appointive way gives not only superior judges but superior popular control over the bench as distinguished from politician-control. The agitation is too recent to have developed much momentum and there is not complete harmony as to the constructive proposals. One original scheme which may find acceptance as a compromise makes it the duty of the governor to "recommend" judicial candidates subject to confirmation or substitution by the people on a non-partisan ballot, whereon the governor's nominees are indicated by the words, "Recommended by the Governor." The expectation is that this plan would result often in unopposed, unanimous elections equivalent to straight appointment.

These projects, excellent as reforms in mechanism or administration, measure the utmost that

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The others have been discussed widely, with earnestness and knowledge and good temper.

So far no bitter controversies have arisen. Only one is likely. Not over liquor, for liquor is not an issue in New York politics. Not over taxation, for the taxation clause is such that single taxers are content to stand pat. Civil service reformers ask no change. The one row that is probable, that is certain, will start when New York City makes its demand to be represented in the legislature in proportion to its population. Thus would the city gain the upper hand, for it contains more than half the population of the state. The upstate people, who are now able and delighted to make the city pay their bills, will not readily relinquish their mastery.

No change in the direction of popular government will be made by the convention. Advocates of initiative, referendum and recall, and Progressives with their recall of judicial decisions, are now faithfully crossing the t's and considering the commas in their proposals. But they do not dream that the convention will so much as debate these things.

Nor will the convention make in the constitution any change designed to facilitate social legislation. Both social legislation and popular government are on the waiting list. Their names won't even be reached before the convention adjourns.

So it will be a humdrum constitution—nothing new in it, nothing queer, and good as far as it goes.

Nibbling at the Parcel Post

THE comfortable citizen who in the evening enjoys the slippers mailed him last Christmas time; the suburban or urban housewife whose table is getting fresh eggs direct from the country via the letter carrier; the backwoods community brought by parcel post within reach of the great city merchandise markets—these individuals and the vast classes they represent little realize the bitter and underhand struggle which is still waging to discredit the parcel post service, to "hamstring" it by one means or another, to knock it into such shape that it can never be formidable to the express companies or encourage small retail competition with the mail order houses. Although there is a parcel post law on the statute books, which, by accident, gives its administrators unusually wide powers, nevertheless the fight for a thoroughgoing parcel post has not yet been won. Thanks to the diligence of one Congressman, David J. Lewis, of Maryland, and to certain officials of the Post Office Department, the nation has a better parcel post than Congress in 1912 intended to give it. But this gift is on sufferance only. The giver is continually threatening—even actually attempting—to withdraw it.

A peculiarly dishonest effort to damage parcel post is a document which issued out in the dying days of the last Congress under the title: "Report of the Joint Committee to Investigate the General Parcel Post." The facts about this document are few, but they shed light. They are these:

In August, 1912, Congress created the Joint Committee to make a "further inquiry" into the general parcel post. Permission was given this Committee to [illegible] and $25,000 was appropriated for the enterprise. One year ago the life of the Committee was extended till December 31, 1914. The chairman was Senator Bristow of Kansas, and he, together with Senators Townsend of Michigan and Bryan of Florida, signed the report which was presented to the Senate in February, 1915, more than a month after the legal death of the Committee. In the report it is stated that Representatives Finley and Lewis, members of the Committee for the House, "withhold their signatures to the foregoing report and state that they will file minority views." The report is a document of some eighty pages.

In the more than two years of its existence this Joint Committee held one meeting, at which nothing was done except to select a chairman and vice-chairman and to appoint clerks. Not an official of the Post Office Department was consulted by the Committee. Representative Lewis, rising to a question of personal privilege on the floor of the House, delivered this criticism: "Despite the fact that the Committee held no meetings whatever and had no consultations whatever, the chairman of the committee prepared a report which the two members of the Committee on the part of the Senate latterly signed, which has been issued since the date of the expiration of the power of the Committee itself. The members on the part of the House have not joined that report and they have declined to do so, because no consideration of the subject by the Committee had been had and the Committee was without legal authority, in their judgment, to issue such a report." Representative

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fort on the part of the Joint Committee," he wrote, "to carry out the evident intention of Congress in making an investigation of the parcel post, and while I believe it is true that of the $25,000 appropriated to defray the expenses of investigation only some five or six thousand dollars has been spent, as you state, yet in my opinion the information or data which you state you have gathered can be of no aid to Congress in considering what further legislation is necessary to perfect the parcel post law, and is not worth six cents."

This one-man, high-handed Committee made eleven recommendations for legislation. Four of these recommendations had been put into effect by the Post Office Department more than a year before the Joint Committee presented them. Not one of the remaining seven recommendations was practicable, because they were in the main founded upon misapprehension of the facts. The Joint Committee, for example, urged the reestablishment of the first zone in order to favor local shippers. The truth is, however, that the abolition of the first zone gave the local shippers better rates than they had at first. Another recommendation suggests a revision of the rates and weights of third and fourth class mail "so as to protect the revenues of the Department." The truth is again that the revenues of the Department do not need protection, for the parcel post rates exceed the cost of the parcel post service. In asking for the discontinuance of delivery of parcel post from moving trains, the Joint Committee makes an appeal to common sense, but the effectiveness of the appeal is shattered by the knowledge, unfortunately not acquired by the Joint Committee, that this reform was effected in the spring of 1914 when the employees of the Committee were drawing their salaries and collecting information by correspondence with fourth class postmasters.

Throughout the report the emphasis is on the necessity for legislation to correct evils in the parcel post. If there be any animus back of this recommendation, here it is. Senator Bristow and Senator Bryan were the joint authors of a bill upon which they secured a favorable report some months ago, the object of which was to place in the hands of Congress complete power to change parcel post rates, zones, and "conditions of mailability." This power was removed from Congress and placed in the hands of the Postmaster General and the Interstate Commerce Commission by the terms of a section in the act creating the parcel post. The object of that section is obvious and laudable. The big obstacle that for years stood [illegible] adequate parcel post was Con-

and bundles as it is to determine railroad freight rates and classifications. The signal victory won for the people as against private control of the parcel-carrying business in 1912 was the slipping in of the section which removed from the legislative branch and gave to the executive branch absolute control over the conduct of the service then established. This section was in the nature of a "joker" and has ever since been the target of the express companies and of many representatives of the little store-keeper. Were any or all of the foolish recommendations of the Joint Committee to be "corrected by legislation," as the Joint Committee desired, the first step toward breaking down the parcel post service by substituting congressional interference for the discretion given to the administrators of the law would have been taken.

Such, briefly, is the sordid story of the latest Senate document on the parcel post, a document illegally conceived and brought to birth, ridiculous in its very nature, and of exceedingly questionable personal character. The chief mover, Joseph L. Bristow, is now an ex-Senator. His two colleagues from Michigan and Florida remain to encourage, if they desire, the circulation of this extraordinarily inaccurate and mischievous report.

Nothing, of course, is less respectable than Senatorial activities of this kind, though the mere exposing of them is a duty which the American press as a body fails to perform. But mere muckraking does not construct—it only tears down and perhaps clears away. For this reason a situation of this sort deserves studious analysis. Why in a free and fairly clean government in the year 1915 should it be possible for public officials to turn out public work which is valueless even measured by what it pretends to be, and which is demonstrably vicious from the point of view of the public interest? Are we to fall back toward the good old days again, when the government was cluttered up annually with salary-drawing commissions, committees, boards and counsels, operating in ways dark and queer, and furnishing results which Tammany itself would not dare "put across" on a city bound to it in abject fealty?

If there is an innocent explanation of the existence of this Joint Committee's disjointed report, if no unofficial lobbyist can be found playing the rôle of secret dictator of the recommendations offered after two years of work without meetings or consultations with the real author of the parcel post act, Representative Lewis, or with the Post Office administrators of its provisions, then the most damaging of verdicts can be brought in against those who thus acted. Stupidity may be worse than dis-

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ruption. Stupidity, first, for not going straight to expert headquarters to learn the latest news about rules, rulings and orders; stupidity, second, for not reading the law by whose provisions the parcel post was created, with definite limitations easily understood; stupidity, third, for not at least conforming to the outward manners of conducting business in daylight, with members notified of meetings, and with full records kept and available to those concerned—Congress and the public. Were misdoings like these conducted on a larger scale, the magazines would perforce follow the old policy of exposing them. But small, inept sins usually go unscathed; it isn't worth while running them down.

The fireside gentleman with the parcel post slippers, however, ought to know all about the Joint Committee. He may have it in mind to send a Christmas present or so himself next year, and if he doesn't look out, he may have no parcel post at all to send it by.

W. L. STODDARD.

The Wisconsin Reaction

WHEN, a little over two years ago, I was sent to Wisconsin to take part in an investigation then under way, I thought my feet were on the road that led to the political Mecca of America. I felt confirmed in my ecstasy by reading in the August *World's Work,* which I purchased en route, the closing of an article by Frederick T. Gates: "In the state of Wisconsin, now perhaps the best governed of all our states, the university writes the laws that go on the statute books, university professors guide and control the main departments of state administration and inquiry; there is no limit to the financial resources which a grateful people are placing at the disposal of learning, thus consecrated to the service of the commonwealth." I have since been disillusioned regarding this particular statement of the university's service to the state. It is not true. No greater injury has been done the University of Wisconsin than the publication of just such absurd statements as the one quoted.

After remaining in Madison a few days I went to one of the northern counties. All the school clerks had been requested to bring in their books to the county seat. These notices had been sent out before I arrived. A school clerk came in two weeks after the request and wanted to know who was going to pay him for coming, though he had admitted having waited until there was business of these statements, which fell in with a patent his books. We suggested that if he would return at about three o'clock we could tell him. He returned. We inquired if he knew that he or members of his family were receiving over ninety per cent of the total expenditures of the district for schools. Said he, nonchalantly, "What of it?" We persisted, "Do you know this charge is illegal—this—that—?" pointing to items in his book. "Do you know you are not permitted to contract with yourself?" He replied with a knowing smile, "They will elect me next year and I shall do it again."

This disparity between reputation and facts may be illustrated in a number of cases in Wisconsin. Wisconsin has probably the best state government in the United States, but that is perhaps only slight praise because of the pathological condition of most of our state governments. It has had, until very recently, as courageous and as intelligent leadership as any other government unit in the country. It has performed distinctive service in making government humanitarian and an efficient factor in accomplishing social ends. The nation-wide publicity given the progressive movement and its achievements has not, however, given the state a "swelled-head." The legislature of 1911 wanted to "take stock"; it wanted to see itself not through a glorifying publicity, but as it is. It established the State Board of Public Affairs, asked it to "investigate the materials and resources of the state and to promote their greatest use and highest development," and gave it the widest powers of inquiry and research. The 1913 legislature continued it until 1916. The question now is not of its work, but of its significance as a recognition by Wisconsin of the need of self-scrutiny.

Wisconsin is now in the throes of a very decided reaction. During the recent campaign, charges, imprecations, psuedo-statistics, anathemas, were hurled at the state government. It was said in the newspapers: "Politically, the people are so stripped of freedom of initiative and action, so dominated and overridden by the state-paid office-holders, machine-centralized at and operated from Madison, that it will require little short of a revolution to overthrow and bring about a restoration of political liberty." A political organization, non-partisan by profession (hence non-political and therefore not amenable to the corrupt practice act) was organized early in the year, which by dint of repetition forced into the consciousness of the people of Wisconsin a belief in the terrible things the state government was presumably doing. The comparatively high tax rate made the people uncritical

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patent-medicine advertising campaign. The practical result was the election of Emanual L. Phillip as governor. There was flashed over the country the morning after election his statement that the people of Wisconsin had repudiated the "Wisconsin idea." An ex-governor of the state summed up the situation at the jubilation feast of the "non-partisan organization" referred to above, the Home Rule and Taxpayers' League, as follows: "Nothing but the sting of outrageous taxation could have aroused the people to a proper sense of the dangerous tendencies into which they drifted." He characterized these tendencies as "reform run wild, humanitarianism without common sense, education to the verge of bankruptcy, and an insolent interference with the liberties of the people." It was around this high tax rate that reactionaries organized the campaign which resulted in the so-called reaction.

The analysis of this tax question reveals a rather striking fact, the enormous cost of local government in comparison with state government. In 1913 the total tax for all purposes was over forty-one and a half million dollars. This was distributed as follows: (In all instances the first figure indicates the gross amount of the tax, and the second figure the percentage of the whole.)

County	$8,116,518.20	19.52
Town, City, Village and School	25,825,123.80	62.08
State	7,665,318.00	18.40

The state tax was in part returned to the localities and in part used for state purposes as follows:

State-returned to localities	$3,923,731.00	9.43
State-retained for state purposes	3,731,587.00	8.97
Of the part returned to the localities, the details are:		
For common schools	1,898,731.00	4.56
For graded schools	200,000.00	.48
For free high schools	175,000.00	.42
For highways	1,650,000.00	3.97
Of the part used for state purposes the details are:		
For interest on Trust Fund Certificates on Indebtedness	157,570.00	.38
For new Capitol	450,000.00	1.08
For state University	1,124,320.00	2.70
For normal schools	499,697.00	1.26
For general purposes	1,500,000.00	3.61

This fact stands out: In 1913 the state government of Wisconsin cost the taxpayers of Wisconsin a little over three cents of each dollar of taxation. Local government costs over ninety cents. As matter of common sense, it might be advisable to look to local government as the cause of this "outrageous taxation." Perhaps, now that political passion has subsided, there may be a deter- consin has gone through can be made into thin [illegible] Wisconsin to look at the question air only if the local governments can develop the

the State of Wisconsin is not its state but its local government. The state had been, until 1913, plodding along in the administration of its common schools on a decentralized district school system. In the state there are about 7,000 school districts each with its own officers. The school fund is not distributed so as to be a significant factor in school efficiency. These lower schools are without courageous or efficient official educational leadership in the state, except as that is supplied through the semi-official State Teachers' Association. Some county superintendents are effective as leaders in rural life, others are not so effective. The 1913 legislature was the first legislature to deal with the situation frankly. For a beginning it did yeoman-work in establishing a minimum wage for teachers, larger units of organization, better training for teachers, and better supervision of teachers. An agitation has been under way to undo the work of 1913. It is to be hoped in the interest of hundreds of thousands of children in rural schools of Wisconsin that the legislature of 1915 will not recede, but will go forward.

Municipal government is in that chaotic state that accompanies transitional periods. It is rudimentary. This is but natural in a transition from a rural to a semi-urban and urban organization. Rural organization has just "growed," instead of being successively and consciously adapted to changing needs. In 1890, urban territory included forty-eight places with a total population of 562,286, and there were one hundred and sixty-one cities and villages of less than 2,500 inhabitants which had a total population of 146,395. In 1910 urban territory included seventy-three places with a population of over a million people, and there were 304 of the smaller cities and villages with a population of almost a quarter of a million. Municipal government has jogged along. The Municipal Reference Bureau of the University of Wisconsin has failed as yet to seize its opportunity to help out the situation.

More home rule for municipalities is a desideratum. Milwaukee, particularly, ought to have more, and because it hasn't, there is, during the legislative session, the inevitable log-rolling between the Milwaukee delegation and the members from rural districts. A home-rule amendment to the constitution, after passing, by practically a unanimous vote, both the 1911 and the 1913 legislatures, was defeated at the November election by a vote of 86,020 against 141,474.

The so-called "political nightmare" which Wis-

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in the fourteen years just closed. The Wisconsin idea should be worked out in its relation to local government. It may frankly be admitted that the progressive program was accepted by the people of the state more because of their faith in the leadership than in the program. That this failure to build up local government is a serious drawback everybody admits, but few set about earnestly to correct it.

What the state of Wisconsin needs is not the revel of destruction which the Home Rule and Taxpayers' League would have, but a constructive program for local government having the momentum of strong local opinion throughout the state, including local school administration, village and city government and county government. It needs, too, to substitute faith in the program for faith in any particular group of leaders. The Wisconsin idea must be worked out in its application to local government. That is the next step for the progressive movement in Wisconsin.

E. A. FITZPATRICK.

Splitting Up the School System

WITHIN the last few years the rich variety of pedagogical terminology has been added unto by the terms "unit" and "dual control." These terms have an interest for the average citizen far beyond that attaching to most of the words in the pedagogical vocabulary. The question which they partly raise and partly disguise is whether we shall continue to have a unified system of public education, or whether for all pupils over the age of fourteen it shall be split in two. Most of us have probably settled back in a conviction that the unity of the public school system is the best guarantee we possess of a unifying agency to deal successfully with the diversified heterogeneity of our population. Knowledge of the location of the proposed line of cleavage is not adapted to reduce disquietude. The segregation proposed is to divide the children of the more well-to-do and cultured families of the community from those children who will presumably earn their living by working for wages in manual and commercial employments—chiefly the former. Many of us have been disturbed at the increasing tendency toward stratification of classes in this country. We have wondered if those European prophets were correct who have insistently foretold that the development of fixed classes in this country was only a question of time. Few have dreamed that the day was already at hand when responsible and influential persons would urge that the public school system should recognize the separation as an accomplished fact, and adapt to it its machinery of administrative control, its courses of study and its methods of instruction in the public school.

The matter is not one of academic import. A bill providing for such division was introduced into the last session of the legislature of the state of Illinois under the auspices of the Commercial [illegible]tematized educational endeavor is required by the by the state bankers' association, the state association of teachers and the state federation of labor, the proposal has been reintroduced in the present session with powerful backing. Independently of the particular kind of a division which the bill would bring about, it prepares the way, if it passes, for future separations. It was publicly stated and not denied that at the previous session every member of the legislature of the Roman Catholic faith received a letter from a superior dignitary of that church urging support of the bill. And why not? Here at least is a group of citizens already paying taxes for the support of the public schools and supporting from their own funds private schools. They have shown their faith by their works. And if commercial bodies and employers of labor can procure a state-supported system of schools in their own special behalf, what sound reasons can be urged against further administrative segregations in behalf of profound religious convictions? And if there are communities where Poles or Germans predominate or form a considerable fraction of the community, why should not another splitting occur to care for their special needs? These considerations may seem fanciful, but any one who is aware of the compelling force of the cumulative logic of events when once a movement gets headway will not dismiss them as idle.

The statement that the proposed movement is in behalf of the interests of employers of labor will meet with indignant denials—in many cases quite sincere. It is insisted that the division is in the interests of the large number of pupils who at present go out into wage-earning pursuits and to whom the existing system affords no adequate preparation. It is insisted that a greater industrial efficiency which can be assured only by sys-

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ers of labor are conjointly to constitute the special state and local boards who are to have charge of the state-aided trade schools for pupils above fourteen. All this is aside from the point. Measures have to be judged not on the basis of personal feelings animating the bosoms of those who propose them, but from the standpoint of their consequences when put in operation. And the issue at stake is not whether the existing school system shall be progressively reorganized and supplemented to care for social functions not adequately cared for in the past, but whether a sharp line of cleavage shall be drawn as respects administrative control, studies, methods and personal associations of pupils, between schools of the traditional literary type and schools of a trade-preparatory type.

The issue has been raised in a definite, clear-cut way. The sponsors for the bill have left no one in doubt. In support of the proposed division they have been profuse in attacks upon the existing school system, its directors and teachers. They have urged that vocational education cannot be secured under existing auspices; that the latter obstruct intelligent preparation for making a living and divert funds and measures to academic purposes, while its teachers vitiate whatever is undertaken by clothing it with cultural aims. What does this mean but that the forces which are even now effecting a readaptation of the traditional curriculum of the elementary and high school to meet the change of social conditions, are to be driven into a narrow channel, while the old curriculum is to be left frozen in its narrow form? The affair is the more serious because the intelligent and forceful changes already going on will, if the measure for splitting the schools goes into effect, be left high and dry for lack of pecuniary support.

The scope of the readaptation already in progress is not generally known. Chicago is obviously the city in Illinois which would be most directly influenced by the scheme. More than half of the pupils in the high schools of Chicago to-day are engaged in "vocational" work. There are industrial centers in twenty elementary schools; were there funds they would have been established in twenty-six more. There are four or five schools for workers in the apprenticeship trades and preparations for three more. Under unified control, the pupils are kept in constant personal association with youth not going into manual pursuits; the older type of school work is receiving constant stimulation and permeation. Technical subjects are taught by practical men and women whose horizon and methods are broadened by contact with wider educational interests, while the teachers in the more in the isolated state they might readily ignore.

In short, a complete education system preserving the best in the old and redeeming the heritage by lively association with studies, methods and teachers representing newer social needs, is in active development. It is self-evident that under the divided plan either the public must meet the expense of a vast and costly duplication of buildings, equipment, teachers and administrative directors; or else the old schools will have to strip themselves of everything but the rudiments of a traditional bookish education; and the new schools confine themselves to a narrow trade preparation. That the latter will be ineffective for every industrial end except setting up a congested labor market in the skilled trades and a better grade of labor—at public expense—for employers to exploit, I have shown in previous articles.

All discussion of social matters tends to go under a mask of eulogistic question-begging epithets. Education is no exception. Such labels as "discipline" and "culture" have operated as fortresses to protect established habits from intelligent criticism and cross-examination. Now we have the inspiring term "vocational." Examined in the light of the details of the Illinois bill and of the arguments in its favor put forward by its representatives, vocational education is nothing but technical trade-training dignified with a high-sounding title. Ex-Superintendent Cooley, the authorized spokesman of the Chicago Commercial Club, says that the vocational schools are to provide "practical instruction in vocational lines for youths between fourteen and eighteen." That there may be no doubt as to what this means, he says that the vocational type of school has for its problem "the *direct* training in vocational life of the youth who *must* leave the ordinary school at fourteen." At a public discussion in Chicago, an official representative of the Commercial Club stated that "vocational education must be shaped to dovetail with the industry in which the group of pupils happen to be." It is no wonder that Mr. Cooley concludes that an efficient system of vocational education (as thus defined) "requires different methods of administration, different courses of study, different qualifications of teachers, different equipment" from those of the unified school system. No greater tribute has ever been paid to the existing school system, with all its faults. It is for the average citizen who retains his belief in democracy and in the duty of the public school to educate for a still better democracy, to decide whether the simple statement of the ground for the radical splitting up of the school

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A Masterpiece

John Gabriel Borkman, a drama in four acts, by Henrik Ibsen. Presented by Emanuel Reicher at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, April 13, 1915.

WHAT has a genius to say about human character as he nears the end of his road? What has he to reveal that is hidden to young life in the thick of momentous decision? What has he to say of ambition and of sacrifice, of success and of failure? What has he to declare of the faiths that conflict in us and the destiny that shapes our ends?

Ibsen was nearly seventy when he gathered himself to write the tragedy of "John Gabriel Borkman." Unlike so many other great poets and seers, he had come to old age in full power, and in this tragedy he had found a theme peculiarly suited to his unflinching inspection. Less salient, if you will, than the best dramas of his earlier years, it gave Ibsen men and women in their basic relations. It gave him internecine domesticity. It gave him civil war between the sexes, and it gave him civil war in the soul. On these deep-set conflicts, played out to their bitter natural end, his utterance was never more measured or more inclusively sympathetic.

From the start of "John Gabriel Borkman" we are steeped in quiet tragedy. From the first echo of those lonely footfalls overhead, we feel the reverberation in every soul of the disgrace that has visited the household. That the Administrator should have withdrawn from his wife during the eight years since he was released from prison is not, you feel, the invention of drama. It is a telling evidence of the characters with whom we are dealing. For Mrs. Borkman, her husband has been guilty of the unpardonable sin. In wrecking his bank he has not merely dragged down a number of innocent people into ruin. That does not overwhelm Mrs. Borkman. Nor is it her occupation with the stigma of his imprisonment. What she cannot forgive is the price she herself has had to pay in independence. Her own fortune swept away, she had lost her power to make for her son the place she desired. A proud, austere, unyielding woman, she found herself at the mercy of her sister—the woman who also loves Borkman and Borkman's son.

And as the play opens we find this unmarried sister, twin in age and in aspiration, coming with the terrible advantage of owning Mrs. Borkman's home to assert her will as to Mrs. Borkman's son. She is aware, Ella Rentheim, that she has not long to live. Having reared Borkman's boy during the years of adversity, she craves fiercely at the end to have his sole devotion, and she is prepared to fight with the mother for him with all the cruel power of her superior imagination and charm. The hard inexpressive woman and the hard expressive woman speak out their conflict at last, while overhead can be heard the endless pacing of the self-imprisoned one.

When one considers how the imagination has been aroused by the dual references to Borkman in the first act, the demands on the actor who must represent this wolf in solitude are certainly not light. But if it was with trepidation that one waited for the second act to reveal Emanuel Reicher, that trepidation soon gave place to profound sympathy. It is true that there was something a little fusty about this Borkman, something of shallow vanity as well as wounded pride, and one was surprised to find him antique and almost patriarchal as a piece of human furniture. But wall mocking fine gestures, and to the figure in front of these Mr. Reicher gave gravity and dignity and depth. It was the kind of performance that made one see character in the round. It had touches of genius.

When poor Wilhelm Fodal (acted with such understanding by Roland Young) joined John Gabriel in the gallery, the shadow of mimic greatness minced in rhythm with the shadow of real greatness, and irony had its danse macâbre. But in the succeeding reunion between John Gabriel and Ella Rentheim there was something more than bitter penetration. In his sense of Ella's love for John Gabriel, Ibsen conveyed a great deal in miraculously few words, and yet enough to prepare us for the staggering blow to Ella's "love-life" that came in one simple admission. This was not, to my mind, a dislocation of realities for the sake of wringing our heart. It was, really, a last needed touch to the essential cruelty of the ambition which, whether he had realized his vast dreams or not, made of John Gabriel a failure.

In the third act, the battle over Mrs. Borkman's son is fought out between the three elders, and here it seems to me that Ibsen is so extraordinarily perceptive for the generation of eld. Here was no senile talk about duty and depravity and the rest, no prattle about sacrifice. Although an old man, Ibsen had retained his comprehension of youth, and he had not begun to glorify possessiveness, or even to sympathize with it. If Erhart Borkman went out from all three who gave love in exchange for liberty, it was not simply because he was enamored and weak. It was the answer of a fourth egoism to these three egoisms. And here again Ella Rentheim is the expressive soul, and Mrs. Borkman the torn inexpressive.

Having given an answer to their parental imperialisms, Ibsen then added his characteristic symbolic word. In this word he permitted Borkman at the end of all to deliver judgment on his own dreams of greatness, and the last scene is one in which the two passionate women, standing over his body, join hands. It is regrettable that, in the present performance, this scene should seem unreal. With the intention of giving the highest effect to Ibsen's utterances, but with the sad result of making them sound like rhetoric, Mr. Reicher selected to deliver his last speeches from a high seat right under a spotlight, and then to collapse on the steps leading up to the seat, and lie in this exceedingly uncomfortable position in the rigor of death. Up to this point, Mr. Reicher's slow delivery had not mattered and the foreignness of his accent was of no account, but when it came to his end, the strangeness of Reicher's posture and delivery combined unfortunately with Borkman's words. To keep these last phases of Borkman's life in the realistic picture would tax any actor. It is a pity that Mr. Reicher risked so much for the sake of egregious impressiveness. But after a performance so full of feeling and understanding all through, on the part of Miss Alice Harrington as Mrs. Borkman, Mr. Paul Gordon as Erhart, and the more limited Miss Alma Kruger as Ella Rentheim, it is impossible to end on this criticism. Mr. Reicher has performed a service, as well as a part. He has given New York one of its exceedingly rare opportunities to see a great play.

It is typical of New York, however, that in the *Sun*, for example, Ibsen should once more be called "dull," "gloomy," "narrow," "suffocatingly provincial," "suburban," "morbid," "obvious," "sick man," "god of ennui." Compared to these baffling expressions of discontent, the peculiar whine of pain that a dog makes when it listens to music is intelligibly human. But Ibsen was not intended

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Books and Things

A FEW days ago I picked up a recent number of my favorite magazine, the *National Geographic,* opened on a picture and read the legend underneath: "The giant testing machine which can register with equal accuracy the power necessary to crush an egg-shell or to tear apart the strongest steel girder." These words, which I was able to read without violent emotion, resembled rather nearly some others heard years before, when the first Corliss engine and I were young. In those older words there was the same inclusion and contrast of power and delicacy, the same egg-shell refrain. Yes, the old ones must have differed from the new only in this, that they understood the secret of provoking wonder. Day after day I lived on the thought of that early Corliss miracle. Visions gathered and took independent shape. I saw a boy who grew in stature and strength, and whose friends hesitated which to envy more, the monstrous force or the exceeding nicety with which he played games.

Was it earlier or later that natural magic was revealed as quite equal to supernatural? I was standing in our garden, by the cellar door, looking at the honeysuckle, when there came a sudden creation of a many-colored thing, fixed in the air for an instant by wings invisibly rapid, motionless as light. Although I guessed the vanished wonder had been a humming-bird, none the less violently did the word magic, magic, magic keep throbbing in my brain. Last winter, on a tropical island famous for rainfall and antlered gorges, I deplored my inability to be thrilled by magical nature. Nothing but an intelligently interested eye did I have to turn upon the humming-birds, though they patiently called my attention to the identity of their behavior with that of the New Englander I was always holding up to them. As for the island rainbows, they were so numerous that it never seemed worth while to get up and find any particular rainbow's end. There was plenty of time for that.

Power to wonder, to keep on wondering at things grown familiar, doesn't last forever, unless you happen to have genius. Nothing in my life nowadays takes the place left empty by that humming-bird. Engines more powerful than the Corliss may be new inventions, but they are an old story. Very wisely, however, do I console myself by repeating that although magic is gone, and wonder going, disappointments too have lost their edge. I was twelve when I got my first bicycle, a high wheel with Para rubber tires and parallel bearings, nearer frictionless than cones. In the rink where I learned to mount and dismount that bicycle was perfect. It seemed to move, precisely as the advertisement had led me to hope, almost by "volition"—as to the meaning of which word I had taken advice. But on the day when I was allowed to ride it home, over city streets and suburban roads, the motion was bitterly different. Weeks were needed to make me accept this difference as part of the world.

The first chamois I saw moved quite as differently from all the chamois I had imagined. Luck brought us a good long look at him. Between the Val d'Hérémence and the Val des Bagnes, on a smooth-swelling glacier, clearly the creation of some higher mathematician, some lover of chilled lines and immense curving séracless surfaces, poachers drove the chamois toward us, where we of us, and made off running along the rim of the huge ice-bowl. His motion was a disillusionizer. He looked rather like a rocking-horse, or as a rocking-horse might look if it knew how to get over the ground. But my disappointment, just because I was thirty-five when I suffered it, was thin and pale and temporary. By the following morning, when I was lying on a hill on the further side of Fionney, looking at the cliff we had descended, watching the waterfall across the valley let down its arrowheaded coils, which floated away, sidelong, in spray, —by this time I had quite forgotten that chamois. At twelve I shouldn't soon have forgiven him.

Well, even now, when I have sedately schooled myself not to expect too much from chamois or bicycles, when I'm habitually convinced that a bicycle on the road isn't propelled so easily as a bicycle in a rink, when I rather pride myself on never forgetting that the world contains fewer rinks than roads, even now I'm not quite sure that there wasn't more fun in that great expectation and its deep disappointment than there would have been in a more accurate forecast, truer to real roads and real wheels. One wavers between the two beliefs—that he who expects little will not be disappointed—that he who doesn't expect more than he gets will get nothing. After all, I mightn't have worried my people into buying me a bicycle if I hadn't been illuded.

Types of illusion that persist, equally persistent types of illusion-destruction—these any one may find who looks back into childhood. There are illusions from whose destruction one dates the discovery that the world is always less simple than one is always supposing. "All Republicans are virtuous: all Democrats are wicked." For years I believed it. Shocking was the discovery that nobody else did, least of all the authority I'd imagined I had for thinking so. Yet this shock was followed close by a first glimpse of the world as a series of special cases, an impulse to note the unlikeness of similar things. Truth of the same character presented itself as sensation, and not as idea, when I spent an hour alone with a barrel of apples, and perceived for the first time, as if no one else ever had, how different was the taste of the Baldwin I was biting into from the taste of the Baldwin just consumed. On the day when I put the sensation and the idea side by side I felt an emotion of discovery.

That was one beginning of wisdom. Another dates from that important hour when I was for the first time allowed, roaming at large among our grapevines, to swallow the seeds. On the day itself a feeling of freedom, succeeded by a feeling of fulness, precluded reflection. Somewhat later it must have been, after many grapes had been bolted on many autumn afternoons, that a cloud of suspicion appeared, grew and grew gloomy, turned into a drizzle that extinguished ecstacy. Suspicion became certitude; pleasure in swallowing the seeds was freedom from the humiliating obligation to spit them out. Separation of seeds from pulp with one's tongue, so soon as the act lost all taint of duty, acquired sensuous merits.

If one had the time and space, and one's readers the patience, it might be possible to track each of one's wisdoms to its source in some early childish incident. Often the sudden sight of a wisdom at work calls up the shadow-casting incident without effort. But I don't insist, lest

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CORRESPONDENCE

From the "Railway Age Gazette"

SIR: I have just read the editorial in your issue of March twentieth, entitled "An Innocuous Frankenstein," in which you discuss my article on "Some Political Phases of Government Ownership," which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February.

Your editorial is such a complete misinterpretation of the spirit and meaning of my article that I trust you will do me the justice to publish this reply to it.

You discuss my article as if it were merely a discussion of government ownership of railroads. It was, as a matter of fact, a discussion of the political expediency of government ownership of railways, telephones, telegraphs and mines, the acquisition of all of which was proposed in the sessions of the last Congress. This is a point of importance for several reasons, one being that government acquisition of the railroads would take about 2,000,000 voters into the public service, while the execution of all the projects referred to would take into the public service about 3,000,000 voters.

You quote my conclusion that government ownership "would be destructive of both the economic and the political welfare of the people of the United States," and my statement that one of the reasons for this would be that it would "reverse a tendency which has marked the progress of modern civilization and has greatly contributed toward promoting it—the tendency toward the differentiation of political and economic functions." You comment on this as follows: "This sounds sufficiently portentous, but the disgrace of falling under the condemnation of such a principle is somewhat neutralized as soon as the principle itself is translated into less pretentious and more familiar terms. The differentiation of economic and political functions means nothing more than the emancipation of business from political interference—or, in other words, our friend and enemy the much abused, overworked and underpaid principle of *laissez-faire*. According to Mr. Dunn, government ownership would be irresistibly impelled to ruin the American commonwealth because it requires the interference with business by politics."

I emphatically repudiate your "translation" of my statements. The text of my article shows clearly that any such translation is entirely unjustified. I oppose government ownership because I believe it would be a dangerous union of economic and political functions in the hands of public officers. I do not, as you gratuitously imply, oppose all government interference and advocate the "much abused, overworked and underpaid principle of *laissez-faire*." On the contrary, although I was discussing government ownership and not government regulation in the article in question, the fact that I recognize the desirability of government regulation was repeatedly indicated and sometimes explicitly avowed. For example, in an early part of my article appears the following statement: "In time the public found that regulation by mere legislative enactment usually is either futile or harmful. Experience taught it that the way to take public service corporations out of politics, and at the same time to make regulation effective, was to delegate the work of regulation to administrative commissions. The increase of regulation, and the change of its form, have reduced the influence of the public service companies over politics and seem to have shown that they can be used to destroy it." Again, in the very part

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ereign power. This power must be the political power. And by appropriate means and tribunals the political power should so control the management of industry as to prevent and correct abuses not prevented or corrected by economic law. But it does not follow that the sovereign political power should itself assume the exercise of gigantic economic functions."

I am at a loss to know what language I could have used to have made plainer that while I was opposing government ownership, with the consequent governmental performance of economic functions, I was in favor of government regulation.

Permit me to add that I advocated the legislation giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix maximum reasonable railway rates, and that I have since then, in the *Railway Age Gazette,* of which I am editor, in magazine articles and in my books, favored giving the Commission authority to fix minimum rates, to regulate railway construction, maintenance and operation, and to supervise the issuance of railway securities. I believe that government regulation has often been unwise and that if carried too far it will force government ownership upon us, but I believe it is feasible to work out a policy of regulation which will protect us from the abuses of uncontrolled private management, and which will at the same time save us from the great political and economic evils which I believe would be the inevitable results of public ownership under such government as we have always had in this country. Perhaps we could make a success of government ownership if we would first Prussianize our government. Prussia undoubtedly has made a fair success of it. But who wants to Prussianize our government?

SAMUEL O. DUNN.

Chicago.

[With Mr. Dunn's objections to the practical features of government ownership we have no quarrel. We simply disagree with him, and believe that the difficulties he raises can be met. It is his attempt to reinforce practical objections with high-sounding generalizations that called forth our criticism of him. When he says that he opposes government ownership because "it would be a dangerous union of economic and political functions in the hands of public officers," we reply that he is making a distinction which does not exist in fact. His attempt to prove that regulation of railroads is not an economic function but that government operation is, will not hold water. In our opinion the control now exercised by the government over railroads is as much an economic function as a political one, and the extension of that control till it constitutes government ownership is merely a matter of more or less, not a matter of principle. When the government fixes rates it is performing an economic function, and the attempt to distinguish it from government ownership is an appeal to a phrase—not to a fact.—Editors.]

Subscribers Lost by "Births" Article

SIR: I wish to express my most grateful approval of your strong and far-seeing article in the issue of March sixth on "The Control of Births." I note that your article has caused you the loss of one subscriber. May I predict that for every superstitious pietist whom that article turns from you there will be a hundred rational-minded persons who will join you the more strongly in your advocacy of reason and decency in sex relations.

H. A. OVERSTREET.

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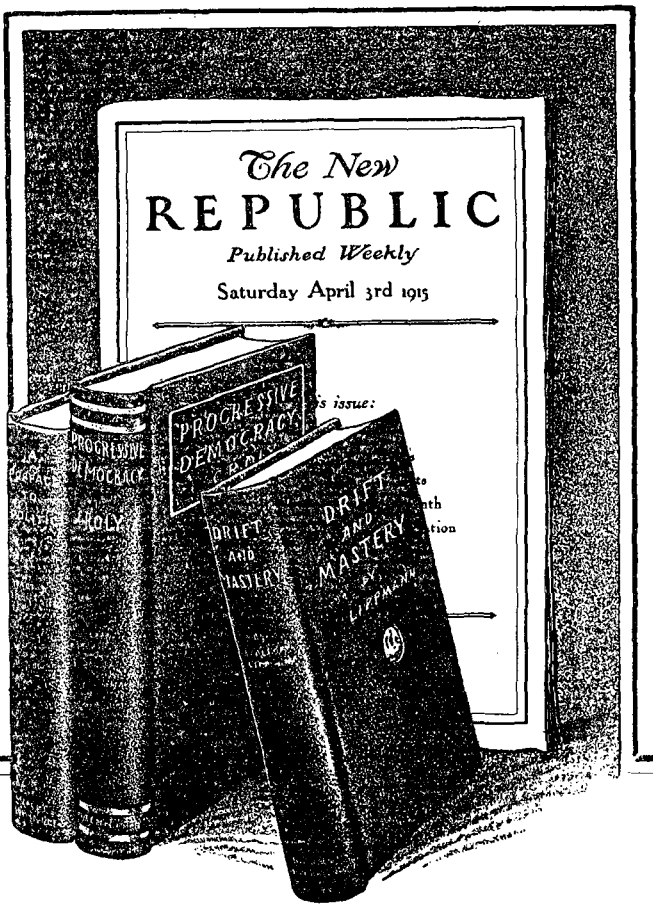

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OLUME II NUMBER 24

The New REPUBLIC

Saturday April 17th 1915

Part Two

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Literary Standards

EVERY day for many weeks past the *Chicago Tribune* has crowned its editorial columns with the famous words, "My Country, Right or Wrong." As compared with Chesterton's analogue, "My Mother, Drunk or Sober," there are points in favor of the *Tribune* motto. The mood it exhibits, however, is too typical not to be reckoned with. It is the mood which, in affairs that involve loyalty, violently resents discriminations. The critical man assumes to pass judgment, to exercise his will in the light of his sense of the fitness of things. Is this personal adherence to one's own honest feeling and honest thinking to be repudiated as a kind of treachery to the tribe? Is the thing to say: "Yes, in all small matters of taste, let us niggle about right and wrong, but not in matters of deep moment. In the teeth of opposition let us foreswear such scrupulosities. Let us reach for the sword—or the tailor's needle—or the bung-hammer—of our Fathers"?

Well, if patriotism, in order to satisfy jingo blatancy, must be ready to uphold wrong as well as right, the same attitude is luckily not necessary in literature. In literature it is possible to be at once ardently national and definitely critical, to value and urge every varied proclamation of our spirit, and at the same time to care passionately for the beauty and the veracity of that proclamation. The ties of the nation are real ties, and disapproval does not dissolve them, but it is as idle for an American to guarantee allegiance to his nation's literature as it would be for a parent to pledge unswerving devotion to his child. The sanction of one's spirit is not a thing that can be pledged.

In the degree that criticism and appreciation have an influence on creative art, their temper is of serious importance. It is not that a few aesthetes can "sanction" from on high. A cult is not a culture. But, just as influential individual opinions sway a jury or turn an election, so contagious criticism makes or hampers a literature. It is on that account that the most important literary problem in America is to establish a national standpoint in criticism.

To maintain for American literature an atmosphere that is intelligent as well as warm is the real function of our criticism. As to the necessity for warm appreciations, it is simple enough, no doubt, for the eclectic reader to disparage American accomplishment, and to point out, without scrutinizing the causes, the superiority of contemporary English and Continental achievement. But there can be no question whatever that such disparagement is not penetrating. The retort to it is not solely that America is a young country. Few countries are so young that they are not old enough to know better. The fairer and wiser retort is the one that gives true value to the preoccupations, the obligations, the disadvantages that unavoidably affect us.

"Society, in these States, is cankered, crude, superstitious and rotten." "Our democracy is, so far, an almost complete failure," except "in materialistic development, products, and in a certain highly deceptive superficial popular intellectuality." Such was the severe judgment of a great American in 1870, but this sort of indictment does not [illegible] however exciting to the palate, is innutritious food for the brain. If our preoccupations are still commercial and our popular intellectuality still superficial, scolding alone will not cure them. The truth is, America is still at the beginning of her literature. The pioneer days are over, but the pioneer attitude remains. Great as our country is, it is ordered neither for writers nor for readers, and with all our business enterprise we are deficient in the very machinery of culture. It is not because Americans are deficient in taste that they favor popular inferiorities, but rather because there is as yet no tradition of a literature richly native. If the worst fresh trash in magazines is preferred to the best fresh expression in books it is largely because books, from the start, are divorced from direct experience. Pedagogues are not necessarily subhuman, but no one can deny that the country has not yet risen above its enslavement to classic English literature. On the salt meat of academicism the American child, whose vivid associations are all local, is nourished. A distaste for good literature, a conviction that it is divorced from life, is a necessary consequence. For this reason, if for no other, there is a constant need to vindicate literature as well as create it, and it will need years of sympathetic understanding before the relation between national literature and its teachers is adjusted. A fairer day in court for American writers, as such, must be part of this revision of standards.

But if the critic must take much American literary effort as he takes the street paving in Chicago, astonished less at the beginning of the prairie than at the extension of the asphalt, he must also remember the value and the duty of intolerance. If literature is to serve as index to life, to indicate a greater liberation and a higher discipline of the spirit, it cannot thrive on mere leniency. One can be a true lover of birds without pining to propagate sparrows.

Complete tolerance, as everyone knows, is incompatible with proportioned growth. If persuasion is ineffectual, the option is militancy or abdication; and this is just as true in the sphere of ideas themselves as in the sphere where they are applied. From one standpoint it was intolerant to object to slavery, but it was a noble intolerance, and if similar intolerance in criticism is not indulged and encouraged and supported, our literature in this country will choke to death with weeds. It may be permissible for the genial American to have his literary "favorite son." There is no law against such private weaknesses. But when it comes to public advocacy or public assertion, the more criticism resolute is the better.

"The process of reading is not a half sleep, but, in the highest sense, an exercise, a gymnast's struggle." A civilization in which thinking is not athletic, and feeling not intense, is a civilization without the fire of life. Nationalism in literature, therefore, requires that the infant industry be protected, but not at the expense of its vitality. We must conspire for our Mark Twains, our Stephen Cranes, our O. Henrys, our Finley Dunnes, our Sarah Orne Jewetts, our George Ades. But to vindicate these real interpreters is not our sole concern. Against our false interpreters and their subservient publics, we must, if we are to have a true literature in America, stand

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James Stephens

Songs from the Clay, by James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

THIS is Mr. Stephens's third book of verse, and it cannot be said to belie the volumes that preceded it. In this, as in his other books, Mr. Stephens writes simple and sincere and lovely verse, and to suggest that he lacks poetic instinct would be absurd, but with "Songs from the Clay" it becomes more clear than ever that in poetry Mr. Stephens is not completely or freely himself.

And yet, of all the young Irishmen who have begun to write since William Butler Yeats and George Russell and John Synge authorized literary expression in contemporary Ireland, Mr. Stephens is easily the most distinguished. If he has failed in his verse to draw fully on the brimming reservoir within him, it is not because he is imaginatively dry. It is merely because in another and original medium he speaks with deeper confidence. If he is, so far, limited in poetry, as he is limited in his studies of familiar society, there is another principality in which he instinctively rules.

In "The Crock of Gold" and "The Demi-Gods" Mr. Stephens is like a youngster released from admiring elders in the drawing-room and joined with his fellow-imps out of doors. Here he is a liberated soul, fully immersed in his sense of the wonder, the humor, the gaiety, the spiritual portent of life. In these two books he reveals what interests him most, his own sense of what life is and should be. Born into a world that hampers his imagination, placing on him hard necessity to occupy himself with trite and tiresome facts, he has created a world all his own in which all the realities are poignant and all the facts relevant and exciting. In this world of gods and tinkers, spiders and donkeys and philosophers and children, Mr. Stephens is supremely himself. Here he gambols and revels without a shadow of stiffness, and he offers us irresistible invitation to believe with him that it is as real as any world ever can be; that it is a real world, because it is one in which a heart is at home.

It is not without experiment that Mr. Stephens discovered this means of writing his imaginative history. In his first verse, "Insurrections," and his first prose, "Mary, Mary," he sought in accustomed mediums an excuse for his soul. But it is easy to see why these mediums failed him. What inspired him to write his first poetry was not authentic feeling. He was simulating the high emotions of other poets, Blake and Browning and Poe. "Insurrections" was imaginative reflex action. In "The Hill of Vision" he was himself, but though he found voice there for his love of life, his love of freedom, his sympathy for all sentient creatures, his delight in great spaces and "happy clouds," he never availed himself naturally in these verses of the sympathies that most exalt him. In his latest book he seems conscious of this penury. "I veer and break and yaw on my little pipe of straw." But he does not realize that it is not to his pipe that he makes his readers dance.

For tenderness of feeling "Mary, Mary" is one of the fairest exercises in Irish fiction. It is not only the charwoman who is finely supposed, and Mary herself, but the elephantine policeman as well. As human drama, however, its fluid is thinner than blood. It is not corporeal.

But as soon as Mr. Stephens indulged his fantasy to the full, he found that unity which is the aspiration of all made average people available to the imagination. But since Ireland has never conquered its social comedy in poetry or prose, it became necessary for Mr. Stephens to create an Ireland of his own. This, in "The Crock of Gold" and "The Demi-Gods," is his achievement. To relate all his intuitions about life, all his passion and surmise and faith, to common-sense Ireland was just as much beyond him as it would be beyond a child. It involved an apprenticeship to ordinary circumstance which in reality he shunned. But as soon as he transported himself outside society, among leprecauns and goats and jackdaws, among the gods of desire and the gods of divine imagination, he could confess his inmost soul.

From the first page of "The Crock of Gold" to the last, we are conscious of the gift of the seer. The wisdom of "The Crock of Gold," however, is not the wisdom of intellect. It is the warming wisdom of sympathy. "'And what would you call wisdom?'" asks the practical wayside woman of the pilgrim philosopher.

> "I couldn't rightly say now," that adventurer replies, "but I think it was not to mind about the world, and not to care whether you were hungry or not, and not to live in the world at all but only in your own head, for the world is a tyrannous place. You have to raise yourself above things instead of letting things raise themselves above you. We must not be slaves to each other, and we must not be slaves to our necessities either. That is the problem of existence . . . . and mind you this, mankind has declared war against Nature and we will win . . ." "It's good talk," said the woman, "but it's foolishness . . . You have to live in the world, my dear, whether you like it or not, and, believe me now, that there isn't any wisdom but to keep clear of the hunger, for if that gets near enough it will make a hare of you. Sure, listen to reason now like a good man."

It is not till the philosopher left Angus Og, however, that his heart was merrily alive. Then "he tossed his voice on every wind that went by. From the wells of forgetfulness he regained the shining words and gay melodies which his childhood had delighted in, and these he sang loudly and unceasingly as he marched." "'I have learned,' said the Philosopher, 'that the head does not hear anything until the heart has listened, and that what the heart knows to-day the head will understand to-morrow.'"

But the pantheist's pilgrim's progress is not undisturbed. When Pan comes to young Caitlin she "could feel but not know, her eyes looked forward but did not see, her hands groped in the sunlight but felt nothing. It was like the edge of a little wind which stirred her tresses but could not lift them, or the first white peep of the dawn which is neither light nor darkness." After she knows Pan, "after the quiet weariness of ignorance," the unquiet weariness of thought fell upon her. But then she too meets Angus Og. From him she learns "the greatest thing in the world," the merging of thought and emotion.

Though the delight of "The Crock of Gold" is its philosophy, it may as well be confessed that at times its pithiness is almost indigestible. Charming as it is, whimsical and fertile and suggestive, it errs in being incessant. It is all very well for Thomas Edison to say that human beings require almost no sleep. It is the natural sentiment of a man who sells artificial light. But the faculty of attention is limited, and Mr. Stephens puts a strain on it. All the

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native turns of speech. Take, for example, this little passage between the philosopher's wife and the father of Caitlin:

"God be with you, Meehawl MacMurrachu," said she.

"God and Mary be with you, ma'am," he replied, "I am in great trouble this day."

"Why wouldn't you be?" said the Thin Woman.

"I came up to have a talk with your husband about a particular thing."

"If it's talk you want you have come to a good house, Meehawl."

"He's a powerful man right enough," said Meehawl.

After a few minutes the Thin Woman spoke again.

"I can get the reek of his pipe from here. Let you go right in to him now and I'll stay outside for a while, for the sound of your two voices would give me a pain in my head."

"Whatever will please you will please me, ma'am," said her companion, and he went in to the little house.

In "The Demi-Gods" this native speech is heard even more clearly, and while many people do not enjoy the fantasy of the visiting angels, it seems to me full of unrivalled glorious fun.

If it is unfortunate that in "Here are Ladies" Mr. Stephens prints such forced humor as "There is a Tavern in the Town," sententiousness run to seed, it must in fairness be said, even by jealous admirers of his fantasies, that as the David of institutional Goliaths the author leaves his own realms to wage inspiring war. Whether he will remain a joyous pantheist as he further overtakes experience is a question. There is a note of real dejection in "Songs from the Clay." But as Whitman said for him, "the song is to the singer, and comes most back to him," and it is certain that at the heart of Mr. Stephens there is "divine imagination." That he could have embodied it so blithely is all the more marvelous because of his so eagerly modern mind.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Ethel Sidgwick

HOW I pity the serious readers who do not know the intoxication of meeting a new and gifted novelist at midnight in a sleeping house, by a dying fire. "Le Gentleman" is not the most important of Miss Ethel Sidgwick's works. I told myself, even as I read, that the fact that I too love France and have taken to heart the secrets of the homely domestic corners of the Luxembourg Gardens had much to do with the spell it laid upon me. But I am still grateful to "Le Gentleman"; and a noonday excursion through the author's other books has only increased my sense of her achievement and her promise.

Miss Sidgwick, her American publishers, Small, Maynard & Co., are at some pains to explain, comes of a distinguished Oxford family. One might have divined this for one's self. Not that she takes her background solemnly, after Mrs. Ward's manner. She takes it evasively, with delicious lightness. It is her lightness of touch that gives her away. This is the almost dangerous cleverness, one feels, this is the sure, sophisticated talent, that grows easily and naturally out of inherited opportunity and complicated social intercourse. Yet the [illegible] conditions and races of men—with a sympathetic preference for the French cook, or the Irish vagabond, or the German Hausfrau, as against the Oxford exquisite—she is as far from British superiority as she is from imitation. Mr. Henry James, her literary father, had not to sigh over "Promise," as he must have done these last years over a good many feminine first books, "Am I as like that as that?" It is merely that she seems to have been born to good talk—her method is largely conversational—and to a great variety of civilized human relations. Like Mr. James, she conceives such relations as thrilling in themselves, even when they are the inevitable ones, and whether or not they are dependent on sex. Sex is not her primary concern, social or cosmic problems do not touch her, raw realism is not what she seeks. In short, she does not belong to the Five Towns or the Wellsian schools. Her interest lies in the intricate relations and reactions of character, manners, and nationality. Human character is obviously what she cares most for; after that for music and for France.

"Promise," later followed by a long sequel, "Succession," leaps into the heart of these three absorbing passions. It is a carefully wrought study of the development of a musical genius, and a French one at that. For Antonio Edgell, though he has a sturdy English engineer for father, and has lost his brilliant French mother in babyhood, is entirely French in feeling and the predestined successor of his French grandfather, Charles Lemaure, a famous violinist and less famous composer. "The author's aim," I read in a foreword, "is to illustrate by means of incidents in his life the futility of all efforts to control artistic impulse." These kind, blundering efforts, which bring the boy again and again to the breaking point, and yet do not shake his inner balance or deflect his inevitable direction, are in "Promise" largely those of the traditional English school where James Edgell, holding out against a musical career, first sends his frail son. In "Succession," the child, returned to his native element and fairly launched as a prodigy on the concert stage, is far more ruthlessly sacrificed by his musical French family. For Tony, all these relatives assume—and how true to the France of Barrès or Bourget is the assumption—is a performer, an interpreter of his grandfather's works, an heir of the past. Meanwhile Tony in his inner heart knows himself to be a creator, a composer and not a legitimist one, either, and the second volume ends with the painful dawning of this knowledge on both sides of the house. It is James Edgell who carries the boy off, notebook in pocket, to write and recover in California; it is James, the unmusical Britisher, who has always been nearest to "understanding."

Miss Sidgwick, it will be seen, has entered Romain Rolland's preserves. Yet who would accuse her of poaching? Antoine may have been suggested by the greater Jean Christophe, but he is a completely fresh creation. At once maddeningly incalculable to stupid elders and entirely logical to his own nature; carrying, as French children do, all life on his pinched, docile little shoulders, yet full of the saving grace of humor, revolt and sheer delightful childishness; cherishing a deep loyalty to *la famille* as represented by his wonderful old grandfather, yet struggling toward his own good, he is always, as real genius cannot help being, at the center of the stage. And this without sentimentality, and with very little description. Miss Sidgwick simply makes one realize her young hero through the beautiful and intense feeling he inspires in the lives which touch his. This feeling is shown not

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French nerve specialist who treats him, in the dissipated young French violinist—Miss Sidgwick has a special snare for catching wild young men—in the medical students who are his brother's friends, in the kind German conductor and his household. The catalogue would fill a paragraph, for the human pattern of these books is very elaborate. The grandfather is scarcely less finely drawn than Tony, and not one of the delicately indicated minor characters but stands out from its milieu as real and convincing.

In "Le Gentleman" and "Herself," published between "Promise" and "Succession," one is by comparison with the latter in the region of impressionism. The first, an "Idyll of the Quarter," gives us Paris again; what the *rive gauche* has to teach a sober Scotchman with an anti-Gallic prejudice. In the second we have a little of Versailles—one of those girls' schools where the chief thing to be learned is the petty and repellent side of the French character—a little more of the vicinity of Oxford, but chiefly an Irish girl whose daring and exceptional personality sets her at odds with both places. I wonder whether Miss Sidgwick romanticizes her Irish characters a little? They strike me more than her others as belonging "in a book."

There is no denying that she has a soft spot in her heart for the exceptional, the brilliant, the artistic, the misunderstood. Take not only Antoine and Jacques Charretteur, and Pat Morough, but the London working girl in the "Lady of Leisure." Yet how well she does the average! The characters in "Le Gentleman" are average people. Even the French heroine stands for everyday French fact—that is the great charm of her. I never liked nice, dull girls better than the clergyman's daughters in the "Lady of Leisure," or found worthless, pert and idle youth more atractive than in Charles. This last book, a sort of English comedy of manners, is like some champagne: a shade too light, too dry, too subtle. It leaves one intrigued and charmed, but thirsty as ever. Its conversations have an iridescent sparkle; its human relations, even the central one, that of father and daughters, is spun to a sort of cobweb impalpability. Thus worldlings talk and live? But Violet was so much more than a worldling that I wait eagerly for the sequel, already published in England, to define further her "elvish" profile, and give the blest Charles a chance to redeem or to hang himself.

Many readers will prefer the airy perfection of the four smaller books to the more solid substance of the heavier but less composed pair. They have, in their degree, the same quality of imagination that makes the musical novels so genuine an accomplishment. But it is the latter that lead one to feel that Miss Sidgwick has not yet given half her measure. Her France is not *"pastiche"*; it goes far beyond the observations of the curious traveller. I can think of nothing to match it for penetration and completeness in recent English or American literature. Arnold Bennett has, of course, given us some inimitable French types, and Henry James some still more famous ones, but they have chiefly portrayed foreigners in a French setting, and that is also true of Mrs. Wharton. Yet, after all, the important point is not that Miss Sidgwick feels France, but that within the definite limits of her intuitive talent she does feel. There is no telling where her zest for human analysis may take her next. We can be sure at least that her line will always [illegible] cast into the psychological undercurrents

Joseph Conrad

Victory: An Island Tale, by Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

JOSEPH Conrad's aloofness as a creator has a godlike quality that is overwhelming to a reader's personality. It is not a carefully made evident detachment, in which a responsive reader can perceive a voluntary artfulness and can feel he is sharing the spirit of creation; Conrad's aloofness does not seem to have any such companionable and human self-consciousness. In a "purely spectacular universe" the reader feels lonely—joyfully, breathlessly, if he be adventurous, but resentfully if he be timid or lazy. He is never beguiled by any flattering sense that Conrad needs his responsive activity. And accustomed as he is nowadays to a democratic sociable ease, the civilized general reader has come to have a real dislike for feeling inexpressive. One wants to make phrases, one wants to feel assured of one's responsiveness. But before Conrad's best work, as before life itself in its moments of intensity, one feels dumb.

"He judges not as the judge judges, but as the sun falling round a helpless thing."

Three years ago, in that rarely distinguished autobiographical book, "Some Reminiscences," Mr. Conrad explained to his readers his reason for creating an objective world without praise or blame. "The ethical view" of the universe, he declared, involves one in so many "cruel and absurd contradictions" that he would "fondly believe" the object of creation is "purely spectacular."

> "The rest is our affair—the laughter, the tears, the tenderness, the indignation, the high tranquillity of a steeled heart, the detached curiosity of a subtle mind—that's our affair! And the unwearied self-forgetful attention to every phase of the living universe reflected in our consciousness may be our appointed task on this earth."

It is the "steeled heart" that is the affair of the writer of prose who is worthy of a place in "this conception of a purely spectacular universe," "providing he looks on with undimmed eyes and keeps laughter out of his voice, let who will laugh or cry." Such a "steeled heart," to be a condition at all comfortable, demands, one may feel, some initiation in the mystery of creative work. Probably it is finally possible only to the artist who is borne up by his own creative activity. Tears or laughter are a relief necessary to the passive. Yet any reader is liable to exhilaration just by the spectacle of serene detachment in a creator. And what one can take hold of and exult for in Conrad is the passion in his sense of creation, in his art.

"I am afraid I interrupted you," said the "general's daughter," when she broke in on Mr. Conrad as he "wrestled with the Lord" for the creation of "Nostromo."

> " 'Not at all.'
>
> "She accepted the denial in perfect good faith. And it was strictly true. Interrupted—indeed! She had robbed me of at least twenty lives, each infinitely more poignant and real than her own, because informed with passion, possessed of convictions, involved in great affairs, created out of my own substance for an anxiously meditated end."

Such a conviction of life-giving power is breath-taking,

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potent spirit, good or bad, that his subject becomes a state of soul, although his stories may abound in incident, sometimes like a bad dream. Captain Anthony's power of love and pity dominates the various action of "Chance," just as Winnie Verloc's passionate love for her feeble-minded young brother dominates "The Secret Agent." In "Victory," murder, robbery, degraded passions, and insanity furnish incidents that are but as handmaidens to Axel Heyst's tragic powerlessness to trust in life, to give himself away.

The enigmatical Heyst had drifted for fifteen years about the islands of the Malayan Archipelago, beautifully courteous always, with a "faint remote playfulness in his tone." The mystery of him and the many conjectures it causes are recited in Part I of the novel by a resident "out there," evidently an intelligent gossip. Indeed, this narrator seems to trickle into the opening of Part II, and then to disappear in the omniscient "primary author." If one be captious about form, one may wish that Mr. James, whose applause of the variously indirect rendering of "Chance" is eloquent and generous, would pronounce on this organization. But, by whatever way, the tragedy accumulates power, so that the end of the book is, for all love's ultimate victory, a matter of tears for the passive reader.

"Look on—make no sound," had been the elder Heyst's death-bed advice. And when his son had been carried at last into action by his pity of the girl Lena, he is still without belief in action, without any power of faith in his own impulse or in her truth. Even as Lena, dying for his sake, cries out for his love, he is dumb, "cursing his fastidious soul, which even at that moment kept the true cry of love from his lips in its infernal mistrust of all life." Powerlessness to trust recklessly to the human heart, and to proclaim trust, must seem to Conrad an evil state of soul characteristic of the "man of the last hour," for doubt, taking refuge in proud silence, is a theme in much of his later work, as in "Chance." He presents it as devil's work, to be conquered only—and often accidentally—by love. In "The Duel," too, it is Adèle's impulsive two-mile run across fields at dawn to learn her lover's fate that spares d'Hubert years of doubt of her.

One hesitates a little to turn to "The Duel" for an instance, its light and lovely way of narrative setting it apart in Conrad's work. It reminds one delightfully of Conrad's sensibility to the influence of other artists. There is an echo of George Meredith being charming in this account of the lifelong duel between two of Napoleon's officers. And such faint reverberations are often heard in Conrad's stories —there is often a ring of Henry James, and in "Almayer's Folly," his first book, there is a sound of the eighteenth century being romantic about the Noble Savage! But the impression one gets of Conrad's literary susceptibility is always of its showing the principle of growth.

His extreme sensitiveness to physical impressions and his perfect rendering of them, the qualities he has that are most generally recognized and applauded, give evidence also of his growth as an artist. In "Almayer's Folly" the sensation of the moist, stifling, malodorous heat of the jungle, far up a tropical river, is allowed to be too prevailing. Even in his less restrained and consciously directed beginnings, however, Conrad never really abused the influence of places. Places are never clumsily directive, never impertinently "made use of." And as the artist gains in inscrutability, in the aloofness of a creator, he makes more and more potent the soul of man, even while his readers receive actually keener sensations from his surrounding world.

tropic heat, gales at sea, glassy calms, one's sensations are strong, various, persistent. One becomes much aware, too, of the physical effects of people. One shrinks tremulously from the "something inhuman" in the three bandits in "Victory." "It was not a frank physical fear he ('plain Mr. Jones') inspired . . . but a superstitious, shrinking awe." In every book there are persons that are felt uncomfortably—that affect some sense or other beyond the point of the agreeable.

And Conrad creates beneficent beauty with the same actuality; he affirms loveliness as vividly as—that easier affirmation—he affirms the horrible. His women supremely—like Lena, like Flora, like Adèle de Valmassigue—are tense with life at its best.

EDITH BORIE.

Theodore Dreiser

IT is becoming more and more embarrassing to read an American novel. Periodically I return to those writers like Robert Herrick, Mrs. Watts, Winston Churchill, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Albert Edwards, who are, I am assured by the unanimity of current opinion, the best we have, only to come away with a slight feeling of shame, the embarrassment of accidentally intruding upon things that might better be hidden. I could not help blushing, for instance, when in Mr. Herrick's latest story I discovered, a few pages ahead, that the stone-mason was the long-lost cousin of Adelle. I knew immediately that she would have to be redeemed and share her wealth. And she did. Cally's sacrifice in "V. V.'s Eyes" bothered me a good deal too, the funeral made me drop my eyes, and even Mr. Churchill's "John Hodder" made me feel indelicate. Now I *do not* like to have novels embarrass me, or cause me to cast down my eyes in shame. I cannot blame the authors. I can merely wonder at the current American psychology of life.

I suspect myself of almost a morbid eye for that theme of redemption which no excellent American novelist seems able to resist. One may start bravely enough with an uncompromisingly real person, playful, selfish, lustful, or ambitious, set firmly in the American scene. After a few hundred pages, the author's incorrigible itch to make over the character gets the better of him. The *idée fixe* of American fiction roughly intrudes itself, and before our astonished eyes the moral transformation takes place under various virile and inspiring influences of ideas and personalities. The eyes of the blind are opened, the crooked are made straight. The author's "best" inevitably prevails, whether it be his sense of the futility of riches, the triumph of social ideals, or the power of noble love. People awaken to the barrenness of their lives, and find purpose and meaning before the novelist allows us to part from them. The only trouble is that these metamorphosed personalities have long since ceased to be interesting.

Possibly we Americans really have this astonishing talent and habit of redemption in the porportion which our fiction would incline us to believe. Yet, though I see vastly interesting life going on about me, a richness of charming, mediocre and repellent types, I do not seem to witness this process of creating a new heart. Human nature, on the contrary, seems to move in uncommonly definite channels, the roots of people's interests and dominant impulses to lie very far down. Experience may strengthen or attenuate their outward-reaching attitudes and lines of endeavor, but it rarely alters them, except as it comes in some volcanic

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prophets, our serious American novelists usually let slip through their fingers the stuff of life itself.

Mr. Dreiser can scarcely be appreciated unless he is contrasted with the hearty unanimity of this American thirst for redemption. It is still incredible that if he was really only "A Traveler at Forty," he should have remained untouched by this pervading tradition. How is it that you can read him without shame and embarrassment, with your head straight? It must be his foreign psychology that English critics feel when they call "Sister Carrie" the best novel written in America. His coarse, common American life even has a certain Continental flavor. His Chicago and Philadelphia get something of the exotic touch that "New-York" has in the pages of a French play. His long gallery of women in the "Titan" is more seductive, richer in timbre, than the women of his contemporaries.

To say that he has a Continental quality is not only to say that he has a more universal psychology, but that he suggests that life is somewhat warmer and clearer than it is usually presented to us at home, a stream of desire both more intelligent and less critical. Our America may be still young, but it cannot be said that radiance and daring, charm and desire, shine out of our fiction. Those who wish to find in Continental senility and decrepitude the secret of Continental charm are welcome to their interesting observation. It seems more likely that those Continental peoples who produce great fiction to-day have somehow kept their lives and attitudes truer to some of the elementary currents of life. They have escaped some of the blight of Puritan optimism that has fallen on us, and the sentimentality which is the fine flower of the attempt to make a kind of seedless orange of man. Anglo-Saxon civilization seems to have been slowly starved of some of the emotional values which Europe has conserved, to both its woe and glory. We are spiritually anaemic, but it is not because we are young, but because we have cut ourselves off from certain nourishments which, primitive though the raw materials may be, the finer souls of Europe have known how to refine and enjoy. It is as if we had said that because we can't eat sugar-cane we shall have no sugar, and then gone on to prove that stones and acorns and Easter lilies and bobbins were good and nourishing food.

Mr. Dreiser reinstated some of these values with such emphasis in his first book that the outraged and repentant publisher withdrew it from circulation. The American public had to wait twelve years until the success of "Jennie Gerhardt" forced a reprinting of "Sister Carrie." The recent "Trilogy of Desire," with its "Financier" and "Titan," to be completed by a volume in the autumn, seems to take a long stride towards popular taste. But Mr. Dreiser does the familiar hero, the captain of industry, with his steel-grey eyes and indomitable will, his captive shoals of aldermen and legislatures, and his colossal coups, rather better than his contemporaries. Although American taste since 1900 has grown up to and indeed far beyond the frankness of "Sister Carrie," still his books have too few of the old moral and immoral landmarks to attract a public which can now find far spicier fare. And the elect are likely to leave him for the hard glitter of more sophisticated work.

"Sister Carrie" continues to occupy a position of enviable isolation. Mr. Dreiser, uninterested in redemption, excites no competition. His psychology of desire is still too new. This language of the perpetual eagerness of life, of dominant impulse that pounds away at environ-

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lic that delights in "Queed," it must still seem shocking that Carrie should not have been redeemed. To follow this aimless and alluring soul as she passes from sphere to sphere, in quest of the warmth and light that she craves, and then to leave her still wistful and unrepentant, is to offend our sense of righteousness. If she is not to be redeemed, most of us would prefer that she be degraded. Mr. Dreiser, however, paints her career actually as growth and not demoralization. She emerges enhanced, a richer personality, elemental but genuinely unspotted, rather poetically human. It is all the more incredible because on page 357 the novelist had an opportunity for redemption of a kind that comes to few American novelists. The unformed country girl, coming to Chicago for work, has passed from the dullness of her sister's industrious flat and the disgusting factory to life with a genial salesman, and then, with an almost vegetative sureness, to the New York scene with a man who offers her a bigger and a warmer world. Here she meets a young man who suggests a still wider horizon to which she vaguely responds, books, music, more interesting persons, and surer and more refined judgments than she has ever felt. What other American novelist could have resisted the appeal to her "better nature" and the opportunity slowly to improve her character through this steady and elevating influence? Mr. Herrick, I fear, would have jumped at the chance. But Mr. Dreiser, apparently innocent of the greatness of his renunciation, lets the young Ames pass into oblivion, while Carrie saves herself in a less appealing way from her husband's degradation and falling fortune.

"Sister Carrie" is one of those rare stories that present not only lives but a rudimentary pattern of life itself. Too many American novels resemble an amateur play acted against a background of very bad scenery. In them persons and environment are far too sharply distinct. Life is over-individualized. The naïve assumption seems to be that as persons we are primarily rational beings of free will, possessed of a collection of ticketed sentiments and ideas. To such beings, of course, redemption would be ridiculously easy. It would involve nothing more than rearranging, adding or subtracting elements. Mr. Dreiser's world is much more fused. Sister Carrie fairly soaks in environment. One cannot too much admire those early chapters where the country girl seeps in the sights and sounds that flow from the glittering, ugly city. She is sensitive, breathing, scarcely conscious where herself leaves off and the rest of the world begins. You feel impressions impinging upon her. In such a world there is neither character nor static scenery, only flowing life; but this is the world in which the well-intentioned, not very wise, not very controlling persons that most of us are, actually live.

Mr. Dreiser's later work is coarser and rougher. It lacks the freshness and unpretentiousness that makes "Sister Carrie" beautiful, and that inevitable air of almost having written itself—though Mr. Dreiser's poetical chapter headings show that he was not unconscious of what he was doing. "Jennie Gerhardt" is almost too much an attempt to do it again; but "Sister Carrie" is one of those things that are not done again. One wonders if the caricature of redemption which Lester performs in leaving Jennie for an orthodox marriage with an heiress was the true reason for the wider public acclaim which the book received. But even "Jennie Gerhardt" can be read with self-respect. One does not need to blush. Here, as in almost all of Mr. Dreiser's pages, one can follow the pattern of life, sin-

Freud and the Layman

IN discussions of Freud's work, the perfect bromide is to say that his theories are exaggerated. They may be, for all we know. Since the history of scientific thought makes it clear that later research modifies practically every hypothesis, it is altogether safe to insist that Freud's theories will appear crude to men of the future. Yet in the mouths of laymen, and even of ordinary neurologists, the remark is a most uninteresting truth. When made by people who have neither the knowledge nor the technique to understand or to criticize Freud, the comment is sheer platitude. They do not know wherein he exaggerates; they cannot give evidence that he does. They simply take a chance and assert it. It is as if I walked into the Rockefeller Institute, spent an hour or two in Dr. Noguchi's laboratory, shook my head gravely, and remarked: "Well, you'll see. Much of what you are doing will be thrown aside by your successors." Wouldn't Dr. Noguchi reply with great politeness, "No doubt you are right, but how do you know you are right?" And wouldn't I be entitled to feel that I had made a remark about as helpful as that of the small boy who stands by the roadside and advises passing motorists to get a horse?

Yet people will criticize Freud on the basis of a dinner-table conversation or perhaps on the reading of his book about "The Interpretation of Dreams." I have heard physicians deny the theory that dreams are realized wishes, on the ground that people are subject to nightmares. They seem to think that in the lifetime which Freud has devoted to the study of dreams he might possibly have overlooked the nightmares. I have heard laymen resist the theory of infantile sexuality, because in their opinion children have no sexuality. Yet they would not dare for a moment to raise such offhand objections to the latest discovery in physics and chemistry; they would assume that a man who has become the center of world-wide scientific discussion would have taken account of at least the obvious objections to his theories.

It is clear why we who are laymen cannot remain entirely passive about Freud, why we cannot sit still and listen and simply try to understand. We ourselves are the subject matter of his science, and in a most intimate and drastic way. The structure of matter can be left to objective analysis, but these researches of Freud challenge the very essence of what we call ourselves. They involve the sources of our character, they carry analysis deeper into the soul of man than analysis has ever been carried before. The analysis hurts, but even superficially there is enough compelling truthfulness about it to make an easy escape impossible. We recognize in the analysis items that we have never quite dared phrase even to ourselves, and it is not possible to repel the attack altogether. Freud has a way of revealing corners of the soul which we believed were safe from anybody's knowledge. This uncanny wisdom is to most people both fascinating and horrible. They can neither take hold nor let go. So they rationalize their difficulty and build out of it a defensive compromise. They say that Freud is a clever man but that he exaggerates, that there is some truth in his teaching and much untruth. There is no better way than this of holding an idea at arm's length. It enables us to escape its consequences by blunting its force.

The Freudians themselves are well aware that they cannot at present hope for a really disinterested discussion. If the arguments of archaeologists and chemists cannot be conducted without the initiation of [illegible] self? Because Freud is discussing the very nature of interest it becomes very difficult to consider Freud disinterestedly. The defenses which we set up against a revelation of ourselves, he disintegrates at the outset. The challenge is so subtle and so radical that our whole organism seems to concentrate for resistance.

Our attitude is like that of a lady with whom I once went to a bull-fight. She thought the spectacle horrible, so she held her hand over her eyes. Then by looking between her fingers she watched the fight. Freud's theory has much the same attraction and repulsion. Our craving for it and our resistance to it are both below the level of reason, and our intellectual attitude is very largely determined by this conflict. And as civilized people try to conceal the fact that they are deeply disturbed, the fascination and the tendency to withdraw neutralize each other in the conscious mind, and the product is to the effect that Freud carries his ideas too far. The lady, when she spoke to her friends later about the bull-fight, said nothing about the fight. She said the Spanish costumes were very picturesque.

The difficulties of relating ourselves to a teaching like Freud's are, however, part of a larger problem. We live in a world where knowledge is becoming more and more highly specialized, and as laymen we cannot hope to have the equipment for really adequate judgment. The day is gone when we could turn for guidance to someone whose authority was unquestioned. Even science, which is the surest method of knowledge we have, is based on the denial of infallibility in any scientist. We assume that Darwin or Freud must be wrong on innumerable points. But we do not know enough to say when and where they are wrong. We are called upon to make decisions which we are not trained to make. This is almost the central problem of the modern intellectual life. How shall we distribute our faith without going it blind, how shall we have the loyalty to believe without losing the capacity to doubt? How much trust shall we put in a man like Freud, for example? How can we react in a way that will not stultify, either by petty resistance or petty acceptance?

We cannot begin to test his facts nor follow his experiments. But what we can do is to get the sense of his method and the quality of his mind. We can say that we recognize in him or fail to recognize in him the type of imagination, the sense of reality, the honesty before fact, the logical penetration, and the background of experience which are likely to yield fruitful results. We know in a general way the qualities of thought which lead to important conclusions. No doubt truths have been reached in other ways, by tossing a coin, or guessing, or saying vehemently whatever happens to be vegetating in the mind. But truths reached this way have to pass a much closer scrutiny than truths which are the normal products of what we call the scientific spirit. In the complexity of specialized knowledge our best guide is to test the working of the thinker's mind. For our first credulity it will probably serve more accurately than any other.

In such a test Freud would, I believe, emerge triumphant over practically all of his lay opponents, and most of his professional ones. There has rarely been a great theory worked out so close to actual practice, an hypothesis that has been so genuinely pragmatic in origin. Freud is first of all a physician, an applied scientist using his theory to carry him forward in dealing with his patients. The amount of industry that the psycho-analytic method requires is an added guarantee of his good faith. He has offered no short cut; in fact, one of the real objections raised

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career is the history of opinion bending and modifying before experience.

When I compare his work with the psychology that I studied in college, or with most of the material that is used to controvert him, I cannot help feeling that for his illumination, for his steadiness and brilliancy of mind, he may rank among the greatest who have contributed to thought. I know how easy it is to be deceived, but I take it that this is a small risk in comparison with the necessity for recognizing in his own lifetime a man of outstanding importance. After all, there were people who welcomed Darwin, and saw how profoundly he must affect our thinking. In Freud I believe we have a man of much the same quality, for the theories that have grown from his clinic in Vienna have always flowered in endless ways. From anthropology through education to social organization, from literary criticism to the studies of religions and philosophies, the effect of Freud is already felt. He has set up a reverberation in human thought and conduct of which few as yet dare to predict the consequences.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

The Fear of Death

On the Cosmic Relations, by Henry Holt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 2 vols. $5.00 net.

LONG ago Lucretius, dour poet of disillusion, bewailed the fear of death. It is not clear that he was ever himself possessed by it, but it is perfectly clear that his altogether sound arguments against it have not abolished its operation, nor its effect on human character, society and imagination. Fear, which made the gods, made also the immortality of man, the denial of death. What its unmistakable traits may be has never been articulately said, perhaps never can be said. Most of us never may undergo the fear of death; we undergo comfort and discomfort, joy and sorrow, intoxication and reaction, love and disgust; we aim to preserve the one and to abolish the other, but we do not knowingly undergo the fear of death. Indeed, it is logically impossible that we should, since to do so would require an experience of death such that we should be conscious of being unconscious, sensible of being insensible, aware of being unaware. We should be required to be and not to be at the same instant, in view of which Lucretius both logically and wisely advises us to remember that when death is, we are not; when we are, death is not.

Experience and feeling are, however, neither logical nor wise, and to these death is far from that mere non-being which the poet would have us think it. To these it has a positive reality which makes the fear of it a genuine cause of conduct in individuals and in groups, with a knowable basis such as is realized in the diminishing of consciousness under anaesthetic, in dreams of certain types, and most generally in the nascent imitation of the *rigor mortis* which makes looking upon the dead such a horror to most of us. Even then, something is lacking toward the complete realization of death, and children and primitive peoples never realize it at all. Its full meaning comes out as an unsatisfied hunger in the living rather than as a condition of the dead who, alive, would have satisfied this hunger. And the realization of this meaning requires sophistication, requires a lengthy corporate memory and the disillusion which civilization engenders. Primitive peoples require no proof of immorality because they have no notion of mortality; civilized thinking tion of death through the growing of desire which only the dead could still. The *proof* which in the history of thought is offered again and again, be it noted, is not of the reality of life, but of the unreality and inefficacy of death. Immortality is a negative term; it is *im*mortality. The experienced fact is mortality; and the fear of it is only an inversion of the desire which it frustrates, just as frustrated love becomes hatred. The doctrine of immortality, hence, springs from the fear of death, not from the love of life. It is a "defence-reaction."

Although both these passions are in constant play in character and conduct, neither constitutes the original, innocent urge of the life within us. "Will to live," "will to power," "struggle for existence" and other Germanic hypostases of experienced events which the great civil war in Europe is just now giving such an airing, hardly deserve, as natural facts, the high metaphysical status that Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and company have given them. They follow in fact upon a mere primary type of living, acting form, a type to which the "pathetic fallacy" or any other form of psychologizing may not apply. The most that can be said about this type is that its earlier stages are related to its later ones as potential is to kinetic energy. If one must mythologize, one might call it the "will to self-expression." Had this "will" chanced to happen in a world which was made for it, or had it itself been the substance of all the world, "struggle for existence," "will to live" and "will to power," never could have supervened. All three of these expressions require an opposite, a counter-will to give them meaning: there can be a struggle for existence only when there are obstacles thereto, a will to live only when there are obstructions to life, a will to power only when there is a resistance against which power may be exercised. Expression alone is self-implying and self-sufficient, and in an altogether favorable environment we might have realized our instincts, impulses, interests, appetites and desires, expressed and actualized our potentialities, and when our day is done, have ceased, as unconcerned about going on as about starting.

Metchnikoff speaks somewhere of an instinct toward death and the euphoria which accompanies its realization. He cites, I think, no more than two hundred cases. To most of us the mere notion of the existence and operation of such an instinct seems fanciful and uncanny. Yet from the standpoint of biology nothing should be more natural. Each living thing has its span, which consists of a cycle from birth through maturation and senescence to dissolution, and the latter half of the process is as hateful and inevitable as the former: dying is itself the inexpugnable conclusion of that setting free of organic potentialities which we call life, and if dying seems horrid and unnatural, it seems so because for most of us it is violent, because its occasion is a shock from without, not the realization of a tendency from within. In a completely favorable environment we should not struggle to exist, we should simply exist; we should not will to live, we should simply live, i.e., we should actualize our potentialities and die.

But, alas, our environment is not completely favorable, and there's the rub. That disorderly constellation of instincts and appetite and interests which constitutes the personality of the best of us does not work itself out evenly. At the most favorable, our self-realizations are lopsided and distorted. For every capacity of ours in full play, there are a score at least mutilated, sometimes extirpated, always suppressed. They never attain the free fulness of consciousness, or when they do they

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tralizes their maturation at every point. Hence they remain in, or revert to, the subterranean regions of our lives, and govern the making of our biographies from their seats below. When they fail to attain in fact they succeed in generating in imagination to compensate for the failure; they realize themselves vicariously. Most of what we call religion, much of what we call art, almost all that has been dominant in the philosophic traditions, are such abortive self-expressions of frustrated desires, ideal compensations for the shortcomings of reality. And because they are compensations in idea, they are substituted for reality, appraised as "true," and "good," and "beautiful" and "real," while the experiences which have suppressed the desires they realize are condemned as illusory and unreal.

It is this process that has generated and kept significant the great compensatory distinction which the philosophic tradition has conserved, between "appearance" and "reality," reality being always defined therein as such that the eternal and happy continuance of human life is assured by the former's very nature. Mr. Holt's charming, if bulky, book is one more product of the process and reenforcement of this tradition. It also appears to have been motivated by a horror against the frustration of a hope again to behold the dead, and the ideas of which it consists seem to have gravitated as inevitably (in some respects more smoothly) as any toward this central motive, which alone gives meaning to the mass of the book.

About this motive the ideas form a constellation to which Mr. Holt has given the name "cosmic relations." These he describes as "interactions between the soul and the universe," whatsoever the soul and the universe may be. So stated, the description would be safe and sane enough, but its intent is far more radical. The relations between the soul and universe which Mr. Holt cares about are not those of the daily life, but those whose supposed existence justifies the theory that death is unreal. The meanings of "soul" and "universe," consequently, become swiftly determined to what they would have to be in order to exist as terms in such relations, what they would have to be when exhibited in an arrangement and reinterpretation (of which the bulk of these two bulky volumes consists) of the data gathered by the Society for Physical Research, in such a way that these take the form of consistent proof that we live after we are dead.

Mr. Holt's methods are a beautiful example of the compensatory procedure in the dominant philosophic tradition. The statement of the system is preceded by a demonstration of the plausibility of the "first principles" or assumptions upon which the system is built, a proof that evidence not usually admissible is admissible now and forever. Kant, who has much to answer for in this respect, did it by proving that we know what we know when we know it; Mr. Holt does it by proving that we can know what we don't know. That is, he assumes, with respect to our powers of perception, the optimistic evolutionism of the popular philosophaster. Since, he argues, evolution is a continuous development from lower to higher forms, the evolution of our powers of knowledge also must be such a development, and a development continuous and everlasting. Sporadically, new powers appear, wherewith men may affect the material world in novel ways, may communicate and receive knowledge without eyes or ears, may behold the invisible before death as well as after. That, if anthropologists are to be trusted, these "powers" are more frequent and efficacious among primitive than civilized people, that their appearance seems, in fact, to vary inversely with the development of the school, is compelled by a process having analogies with hysterical blindness, to ignore. For him they are instruments necessary to the demonstration of the unreality of death, and their function in this compensatory construction determines their stakes in the hypothetical reality which he wishes thus to turn into fact.

This reality is an "ocean of mind," a "cosmic soul," manifest to our imperfect and evolving powers of perception as matter, as ideas or forms, as the flux of our own consciousnesses and the consciousnesses of all living things; creating and enlarging and conserving them from everlasting unto everlasting, that infinite treasury of all power and all experience. Within it exists each individual that we know, "a sort of bay, if you please, of the cosmic soul . . . subject to occasional influxes or tides from the cosmic soul in the shape of all sorts of inspirations . . . dreams and visions . . . 'possessions' of all degrees." The "possessions" which Mr. Holt is particularly concerned in demonstrating are "possessions" of mediums by the everlasting dead who are a part of the substance of the "ocean of mind." "Possession" alone, he thinks, is adequate to explain the dramatic reconstitution of personalities in the trances of mediums, etc. And "possession" is just that necessary negation of horrid death, revealing "friends who have left their mortal bodies and who were happy in a continued intelligent and active existence free from the infirmities of the earthly life we know; reacting with the universe much as they reacted here, only more widely; surrounded by those whom they have loved and lost, watching over those they had left behind, and exultantly happy in being able to communicate with them, and expecting to rejoin them."

If the will to believe is stronger against death than against any other of the besieging misfortunes of our daily life, let us be grateful that it builds for us imaginary worlds so noble as outlets for our suppressed desires. And perhaps the ironic gods should make us grateful also for their poignant and pathetic contrast with reality.

HORACE M. KALLEN.

A Map of the Public

Problems of Community Life, by Seba Eldridge. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.00 net.

IT is difficult to think of anything that Mr. Eldridge has omitted from his survey of community problems. Here are all the issues that confront the social investigator and reformer, analyzed into causes, aspects and schemes of improvement. One cannot help feeling that the educational problem is more complicated than the author suspects, but the other activities catalogued would engage the genius of a Lloyd George and a Bismarck for many generations.

What one does not easily get from such a static sociological outline is just what dynamic social force is to be relied upon to carry through these exhaustive programs of reconstruction. In this map of community needs there is no relief, no dominating interest or demand about which the others may cluster. Mr. Eldridge gives no hint that he is conscious of economic or political class-struggle. Like the English sociologists, he believes that society is a "public" and not a resultant of competing group-wills. This popular Anglo-Saxon fallacy of the "public" makes such flat maps of social progress less significant than if all the gradations of power and the direction of the various "wills to power" were indicated.

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ernmental agency with definite national aims, as in Germany, or without a powerful and concentrated will for betterment residing in some class. So far our progress has been based on a rapidly increasing wealth which it was inevitable that a large part of society should share, rather than upon any definite social purpose. If the American people did not seize upon every opportunity to repudiate decisively the parties of broad social purpose, one would be less skeptical of our genius for the reconstructing endeavor which Mr. Eldridge outlines. R. S. B.

Out of Work

Out of Work: A Study of Unemployment, by Frances A. Kellor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

TIME was when starvation was a personal matter. The lowly sat by the roadside and perished lingeringly of want, while the great drove by in their chariots, indifferent, or with mildly melancholy reflections upon human fate. To-day starvation is a social matter. The disinherited must find jobs, and jobs must find willing seekers, or the whole of society will languish. Satisfactory employment conditions are the fundamental premise of our prosperity.

What are we, as a people, doing to insure the establishment of satisfactory conditions of employment? We are resting our faith, for the most part, in the ability of the laborer to find work for himself, or in the possibility that private enterprise may secure an honest profit in mediating between the seekers after work and the opportunities for employment. The principle of *laissez-faire* works well enough in the market for bread and meat—why not in the labor market? Present conditions, however, suggest that there must be a difference. Because of a war conducted on the other side of the ocean, two millions of our own working men, it is said, are unemployed. Scarcely any commodity market is in parallel case.

Two million men, more or less, unemployed. Let it be admitted that this is just a guess. Guesses are our chief source of information on this vital business of unemployment. Our decennial censuses provide for inquiries on the question, but the data for 1910 have been left uncompiled, on the grounds of economy. Possibly there were better grounds, for an incidental inquiry in a census schedule is not well calculated to give the information we require.

But if we cannot know the extent of unemployment, even in normal times, it behooves us none the less to try to gain an insight into its causes and significance, and into the means at hand to abate the evil. For this purpose there is no better book available than Miss Frances Kellor's "Out of Work," now republished in an ample revision. Read with imagination, the book presents the vast problem of America as it appears to the seeker after work, often with quite inadequate mental equipment to place himself satisfactorily. Ours is a land of magnificent distances to the enthusiastic middle-class patriot; of heartbreaking journeyings to the unskilled laborer, for whom employment appears, now on construction work in the southern Appalachians, now in the harvest fields of the Northwest, now in the bleak cañons of the Rockies, and too often at the end of the rainbow. We are a people of spasmodic tastes and fluctuating purchasing intentions, prone to drive our workers to death at one season and to spurn their services at another. Were our laboring population more stable, the problem of adjustment would be relatively simple. But we have a shifting population, and the adjustment of employment according to variations in local and seasonal demands would still be difficult. But we have usually a million or more of immigrants who have been in the country a year or less, and certainly four or five millions who are far from being in perfect adjustment to their environment. Accordingly it is plain that we need the best industrial statesmanship in the world, and we appear to have the worst. Germany, standing against half the world, her supplies of materials cut off, her markets demoralized or destroyed, is experiencing far less industrial distress than we, whose only problem is to divert our industry from one channel to another.

The problem of securing employment is too complicated to be solved without organization. For the laborer himself to go from shop to shop inquiring for work is shameful waste of time and energy. It was inevitable that a body of intermediaries, the employment agencies, should spring into being. But the honest profits of the business have never been such as to attract an adequate number of efficient business men to the field. And so this important work has fallen into the hands of persons of small means, who conduct employment agencies in connection with boarding-houses, petty trading enterprises or saloons, or into the hands of more or less predatory persons who supplement their legitimate earnings through unscrupulous exploitation of the seeker after work or of the employer. There are, to be sure, efficient and honest employment agencies, but they labor under the severe handicap of lack of cooperative organization. A thousand employment agencies operating independently in New York result in the sending of dozens, sometimes of hundreds of applicants to a single job, with all the waste and discouragement this implies. The corrupt and predatory agency is only slightly curbed by existing public regulation. There are few states in which one cannot open an office, accept registration fees from unfortunate workingmen, and give absolutely nothing in return but false promises. There are probably no large cities free from agencies that send workers, under exaggerated representations as to earnings, into remote mining or construction camps where they will be mercilessly driven and exploited.

The trade in immigrants is perhaps the most scandalous part of this sorry business. What an awakening there is for thousands of the young men and women landing from the immigrant ships, their heads crammed with sentimental dreams of the promise of America! To quote Miss Kellor, "America is getting a bad name. It is no longer the country with streets paved with gold, but the land where men are driven with whip, lash and gun, and housed with vermin and rats." Anyone who has given sympathetic attention to the position of the immigrant in America will listen with a sardonic smile to the conventional grave discourses on the criminality of the immigrants. The crimes of the immigrant against America are serious enough, but the crimes of America against the immigrants? Think of our organized devices for robbing them of the little money they bring with them; for selling their young men into virtual peonage and their young women into the brothels—crimes for which nobody is ever even indicted. And the root of the evil is our failure to grapple with the employment situation.

Let it not be inferred that Miss Kellor treats our handling of the employment problem in a spirit of destructive criticism. She portrays conditions with a calmness which one would not expect to find in a writer possessed of her vast store of real experience in the field. But Miss Kellor

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heart of her work is the chapter on "A Program for America." This consists of two parts, a temporary plan for dealing with emergencies—like the present—to provide relief for those already unemployed, and a permanent plan for the prevention of unemployment. Both plans are national in scope, but call also for cooperation of the local governments and private bodies. The emergency plan involves the establishment of employment bureaus, the institution of public works, and the settlement of unemployed workers on the public lands. The permanent plan includes the careful collection of information, for the whole country, relative to the resources for employment and the supply of labor; it further includes a national system of labor exchanges, the control of industries with a view to mitigating the tendency toward seasonal concentration of employment, vocational guidance and industrial training. On the question of unemployment insurance Miss Kellor is conservative; she does not reject the principle, but she does not appear to repose great confidence in it.

There are few who would not agree that Miss Kellor's proposals are sound, and, if realized in permanent institutions, would go far toward coping with the evils of unemployment. Doubtless we shall find that there are still other resources that might be made available for the purpose, once we have fully made up our minds to accept the fact that unemployment is essentially a matter of social and national concern.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

The War at First Hand

Paths of Glory, by Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.

On Five Fronts in the War, by Robert Dunn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25 net.

Fighting in Flanders, by E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

In a Moment of Time, by Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.00 net.

Russia and the World, by Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00 net.

From the Trenches (Louvain to the Aisne), by Geoffrey Young. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.00 net.

WE all knew the war could not happen. It could. We all knew that the war correspondent had passed away. He has not. On every side, irrepressible, he has seen most of the great war; has made the old-fashioned dash through fire to get the wire with the news; has dined with field-marshals and stolen cabbage with rookies; has been photographed in the old war-worn, fearless pose. He is the dashing romantic figure of this tragic war. Out of the deluge he has come through with vivid, remarkable impressions, such first-hand impressions of war as have probably never been captured before. And, above everything else—here is his considerable importance—he agrees that this war of hate is nothing but nasty nonsense. He has said this with most force of all.

To quote "From the Trenches," by Mr. Geoffrey Young: "Afterwards, there must be no sentimentalizing over the glitter; no wilful blindness when, the cloud cleared away, the light of sanity falls again upon the nakedness of its inhuman mechanism, the hideous squalor and vulgarity of its monstrous destructiveness. . . . dashes by night, swords out and at the Uhlan raiders. We have chosen war, and must f[illegible]

So much from Young, the Englishman. So much, too, in the very title of Cobb's "Paths of Glory."

It is no news to us that the hate war is a delirium. But these books so wonderfully illustrate its delirium that they may be remembered when we get our own armor and stretch our own sinews. Let parents read them, and when they purchase bright little tin soldiers next Christmas, add to them the other accoutrements of modern war, as shown forth in these books; add a few men without faces and women without homes, and an inescapable stench of human flesh.

For incisive observation, intense realization of what they observed, and neutrality in judgment, it is hard to choose between Irvin Cobb's "Paths of Glory" and Robert Dunn's "On Five Fronts." But the choice leans to Cobb. Odd, perhaps, that one of America's funny men should write the best war correspondent's book, yet "Paths of Glory" is unsurpassed, not alone because of its rich material, but especially because of its moving style. Cobb reached deep down into human nature. Not only has he given the color of the picture, the long marches, the firing-line, the hospital, and the off-duty periods, but he has done that far more difficult task of bringing out all that war means to the many kinds of men engaged in it. In his vastly varied experiences he is able, now by a deft touch of anecdote, now by a gentle flash of quaint humor, to show the psychological reaction on the professional fighting man, the unimaginative recruit, the stunned peasant, the wounded and the dying. It is far and away the book best suited to transplant us to the other side and give us the regular every-day feeling of the war.

From the invasion of Belgium Cobb passes to his stay as the semi-prisoner of the Germans. We see the Prussian machine from the fly-wheel. No other of these books gives one such a definite ground for suspecting that perhaps the Germans are, after all, quite human; very much like the Germans one has known in the United States; very much like the English in the poor, bewildered, efficient, clever, determined plunge into the war which they made lest they should have to plunge into war. Cobb finds the hate war unutterable in its horror, but he does not find the Germans horror-makers. He seems to feel that a man killed by an English bullet is as dead as a man killed by a German bullet. And therein is the value of his book for us, who may gaze upon the fighting Europeans and say, "There, but for the grace of the Atlantic, goes Uncle Sam."

Robert Dunn's title, "On Five Fronts in the War," hints at the fact that probably no correspondent has seen the war so widely as he. With the English in France—from Mons to the Marne; with the Austrians in Galicia—in the Carpathians, at Przemysl; in Flanders with the Germans, in Bukovina with the Russians, finally in Servia, he has gone with such a power of seeing little, significant, heart-breaking things as equals even Mr. Cobb's. Only Mr. Dunn is young. He has pride. These innumerable tragedies he has witnessed do not hurt him as they hurt the simpler man.

"Fighting in Flanders," by E. Alexander Powell, geographer and diplomat, is a lucid and exciting chronicle of the German raid into Belgium, of the terror of Antwerp's bombardment, of how the Belgians, the Americans, the British, all the peoples involved, comported themselves. It is a smoother narrative than the book by Mr. Dunn. It appeals more to the romantic lovers of motor-cars,

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count, and interesting. But damned by its first chapter, in which Mr. Powell makes it quite clear that, according to Mr. E. Alexander Powell, none save himself and his photographer had the proper permits to see the war; ergo, none save these two could possibly have seen it. Thus, for example, he disposes of Mr. Cobb: "One gentleman, who was halted while endeavoring to reach the firing-line in a decrepit cab, informed the officer before whom he was taken that he represented the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia." To no one will it be necessary to explain why such a mention of Mr. Cobb is not what it should be, though indeed it is clever in that it would permit Mr. Powell to deny that he referred to Mr. Cobb in the above reference to Mr. Cobb.

Of still greater value as a document in the investigation of what the Germans really did do to Belgium is "In a Moment of Time," by Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman. His thunderous description of the bombardment of Antwerp, his first-hand account of the attack on Scarborough, give the book lasting quality. For the man who wants primarily a tale of the gallantry of Belgium, Mr. Powell is necessary; for the man who wants the summary of her woe, Mr. Kauffman is necessary.

"From the Trenches," by Mr. Young, follows a course not vastly different from the two books preceding; and is not told with their vividness or their swiftness. Its chief value, in comparison with them, is that it presents the point of view, not of an American, but of a well-bred English gentleman who must, one judges as he reads, be very modest, very brave, very charming. It gets down into France; follows the armies to the environs of Paris, to the Marne, the Oise, the Aisne; whereas the two books preceding keep to Belgium and England.

There is much interest, much food for thought, and no lack of cause for a high state of exasperation in "Russia and the World," by Stephen Graham. The author naïvely believes the war to be an excellent thing; a lively game for a good chap. He particularly likes the Russians (whom, certainly, he does know as though he himself were a Russian) because they are eager to go to war. He was rather amused, while in an Altai Cossack village at the outbreak of the war, because the Cossacks believed they were going out to fight the English. Dear brave fellows, they didn't care a hang against whom they defended their homes, so long as they were given the chance to go into a foreign land, any foreign land, and by bayonet, looting and rape defend them against some one of a different brand of religion. They die happily, says Mr. Graham, because their religion teaches them that death for the country is not only commendable, but desirable. He likes that religion of theirs. He finds in it promise that Russia will rule the world. He says—but let him speak in his own words, from page 130 of his pleasant book: "The war has given faith. Despite the previous horror of war, it is now almost a platitude to praise the war. Even in peace-loving England the war is recognized as a national blessing, certainly in no sense as a national calamity. It has reduced our cranks and celebrities to their true dimensions; it has calmed the noisy Ulster squabble; it has taken our attention off our national ill-health and turned it on our splendid but neglected youth. It has given us a duty to a fatherland and to ourselves beyond the duty to business and position."

It is not from Mr. Graham that one carries away one's final judgment of the horror and the tragedy, but from th[illegible]ther men who show real pictures of the "national

Spoon River People

Spoon River Anthology, by Edgar L. Masters. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

IT is laid up as a charming fault against many if not most poets that they are chiefly interested in themselves. It has been a fault easy to forgive, because in dealing with materials so accessible—their own ideas and emotions, reminiscences and desires—they have been able to put all their poetic energy, which would otherwise have been largely expended in wondering about other people's lives, into sweeter music and more perfect words. We cannot but love the Herricks who in every age walk incuriously among their neighbors, meditating the dulcet fall of a line describing their favorite blossoms and their private brooks.

But when the poet appears who cannot but see in the faces of men and women the half-confessed secrets of pride and passion, who cannot but observe and reflect upon the course of their loves and hatreds, and who if he searches his own heart does so to discover what these other people are like—when such a poet appears, we mix our affectionate admiration with a deeper respect. For if we seek in his pictures, as we are said to seek instinctively in all literature, for our own likeness, we find it mirrored against a more significant background, moving to sterner and more ironic destinies. It is for that reason that we concede to such poetry, almost against our preferences, the title "great."

And it is for that reason that we are likely to find a strange impressiveness, akin to greatness, in the "Spoon River Anthology" of Edgar Lee Masters. It is the work of a man who has seen much of life with curious eyes, brooded much upon its subtle and ironic patterns, and traced those patterns for us with grave candor. It is a book which, whether one likes it or not, one must respect.

There are excellent reasons for disliking the "Spoon River Anthology." For one thing, it is couched in free verse which many will find harsh and unmelodious. For another, its language is curt and factual often to the point of baldness, and is almost entirely lacking not merely in rhetorical adornments but in the imaginative and atmospheric use of words. It is indeed almost wanting in the ordinary properties of verse—though here and there a beautiful cadence, a striking simile, or a richly imaginative phrase appears, like a rose suddenly flowering out of one of those stone-fences that shoulder their way between raw-furroughed New England fields.

But in this curt, undemonstrative language there is set forth the history of an Illinois town, its lives, its passions, its aspirations, its failures. Sordid and splendid, pathetic and obscene, the life of Spoon River reveals itself. The way in which Mr. Masters has put this life before us is in a series of epitaphs—such epitaphs as were never carved on any gravestone. Sometimes it is as though the dead, with the clear light of perfect understanding flooding in upon their still warm passions, spoke for the first time truly of their lives. But for the most part these speaking shades still keep their old illusions, and are what they were in life save in one thing only: they look back and not forward. Quietly or with a shadowy anger, tenderly or ironically, but always briefly, they tell of themselves, adding their tag of ghostly wisdom, or some message to the living, or some comment on the world that still wags on.

Of all these dead, Hod Putt is perhaps the least wise, the most prosaic. But as the book, after an introductory

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Here I lie close to the grave,
Of old Old Bill Piersol,
Who grew rich trading with the Indians, and who
Afterwards took the bankrupt law
And emerged from it richer than ever.
Myself grown tired of toil and poverty
And beholding how Old Bill and others grew in wealth,
Robbed a traveler one night near Proctor's Grove,
Killing him unwittingly while doing so,
For which I was tried and hanged,
Which was my way of going into bankruptcy.
Now we who took the bankrupt law in our respective ways
Sleep peacefully side by side.

But that is only the beginning. We are presently to hear the story of Old Bill Piersol, and of the judge who sentenced Hod Putt; of the judge's son and daughter, and of those they loved; of the village puritan, who is indignant that lovers' kisses should be exchanged over his grave; of the saloonkeeper that was put out of business by the puritan; of the men who found happiness in drink, and their wives; of the preacher, and the village atheist; of the girl who ran away from home, and the one who came back to her father's house to nurse an old grief; of those who loved books, and had visions; of those who beat life at her game, and those whom life cheated.

Gradually the story of Spoon River takes shape in one's mind. Figures pass and repass, seen from the angle of this man or that woman. Secrets are revealed. The whole life of the community in thought and action, high intention and tawdry accident, is unrolled. The feeling that we are in touch with actuality comes to compensate for the intensity and beauty which we are accustomed to expect as the knock to which we open our sympathies. Against these emotions, so bluntly and yet so truly represented, we feel that we have no right to shut our hearts:

Doc Hill

I went up and down the streets
Here and there by day and night,
Through all the hours of the night caring for the poor who were sick.
Do you know why?
My wife hated me, my son went to the dogs.
And I turned to the people and poured out my love to them.
Sweet it was to see the crowds about the lawns on the day of my funeral,
And hear them murmur their love and sorrow.
But oh, dear God, my soul trembled, scarcely able
To hold to the railing of the new life,
When I saw Em Stanton behind the oak tree
At the grave,
Hiding herself and her grief.

And at the end one has not only been made to respond to the varying passions of these people of Spoon River, but has been cast under the spell of the author's own attitude toward life, which is deeply ironic. If we share, as most of us do, the cheerful American romanticism about life, a romanticism in which the disturbing fact of death cannot be said to have any place, it is something of a triumph for the author's art to have made us feel, even if only for a little while, that it is toward death that life leads, and that this is the final secret of life. What the cheerful romanticism has been expounded of late with obscure precision by the professors of unacademic art, and its rules laid down with enthusiastic severity. One would not like to contradict them, and still less would one desire to repudiate, even in the interest of such a work as this one, the honorable tradition of verbal beauty and intensity in poetry. It is perhaps more profitable to consider whether the author's point of view is not in one respect a serious limitation. Every artist is entitled to his own philosophy. But in reading the "Spoon River Anthology" one feels that its author's high ironic attitude toward life cuts him off from appreciation of what is perhaps the most fundamental and characteristic thing in America—a humorous faith, a comedic courage, a gay and religious confidence in the goodness of things. A poet immersed in this American romanticism would give a more complete account of American life; and would be perhaps the better philosopher.

Floyd Dell.

New Verse

Poems, by Maurice Maeterlinck. Done into English verse by Bernard Miall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

IT is a little late for a translation of Maeterlinck's earliest and frailest work, his poems—a task which Bernard Miall has accomplished in the interest of a "complete edition." There was a time, in the late nineties, when symbolism had for the more curious and sympathetic of us a certain fascination. It seemed, by its juxtaposition of one obscurity with another, to be about to reveal some secret of the soul impossible to express in more direct utterance. And when Richard Hovey translated a few of the Maeterlinck poems, one felt that they expressed a mood which he, the translator, had himself felt.

One does not feel this in Mr. Miall's faithful but less musical rendering. It is not strange that the mood should, in the turning of a century, have evaporated. Mr. Miall confesses that he is in no position to elucidate M. Maeterlinck's symbolism. "I could, indeed, have asked M. Maeterlinck, . . . but . . . he has other and sterner matters to think of."

Yes, in M. Maeterlinck also the mood of these poems has evaporated. M. Maeterlinck has forgotten what it is to feel "impotent," "colorless," "indolent," "too weak for action"—we quote from a representative poem—"pallid," "tearful," "weary," "abortive," "waxen," "frail," "drowsy," "lunar," "listless," "faded," "languid," "shadowy," and "forlorn." M. Maeterlinck is ramping up and down the Mediterranean, calling on Greece and Italy to go to war. He no longer celebrates "the nuptials of the sick"; the robust and antique passion of patriotism possesses him. He no longer thinks to express an inexpressible emotion by the incongruous image of "the odor of ether abroad on the sunny air." For in deadly reality the odor of ether fills the sunny air of Belgium. No, not even M. Maeterlinck understands these poems now.

Earth Triumphant and Other Tales in Verse, by Conrad Aiken. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

CONRAD AIKEN, in a preface to "Earth Triumphant," remarks that he is certain to be called "an imitator of Masefield," since he tells stories of modern life in verse. One could forgive him a closer resemblance to so ex-

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of youth, in the city streets, in restaurants and dance halls, in the surf at Coney Island and on the Hudson River steamboats, and now and then under a country sky; the world of sensitive, uncertain late-adolescence: violins, the swirl of a girl's petticoats, a glimpse of stocking, trembling kisses—"O Youth, O music, O sweet wizardry!"—loneliness and stars occupying a large part of it. A naïvely blissful and rather comically pathetic world; and if only Mr. Aiken had a sense of humor—such as H. G. Wells displays in his prose versions of that same world—he would be a very good poet. It is true that he speaks of some callow youths at a "leg-show" as "perspiring with bliss," which is a beautiful bit of comedic detachment. But most of the time he seems to be himself perspiring with bliss. And his prologuistic and epiloguistic references to the hard, voluptuous indifference of earth do not quite make him the philosopher he would like to be.

The Sistine Eve and Other Poems, by Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

THE volume by Percy MacKaye offers an opportunity, if any one cares to take it, for the study of a peculiar poetic taste. Mr. MacKaye is not one of those poets who use words without a sense of their figurative meaning. On the contrary, he is as patient to squeeze the last drop of juice out of the fruits of his fancy as ever the so-called Metaphysical poets were. It might happen to another poet to compare a baby's brow to "a smooth handkerchief." But who, save Mr. MacKaye, would think of going on to say that it had "in the night been ironed white and even!" And who else would add:

> And all these little limbs beyond belief
> Are like sweet garments, fresh prepared in heaven . . .

Who but Mr. MacKaye, having compared his thoughts to "cattle on the hills," would ask Fancy to be his "eager-lunged Boy Blue and "call them home"—

> For they shall yield us white abundance of
> Their milk, for me to bring unto my love.

Who but Mr. MacKaye, writing of the fact that his friend, Professor Baker, was going to lecture on Shakespeare at Harvard, would conclude with:

> . . . May the loaves he bakes
> Soon pile a feast at Master Shakespeare's board!

The fragments of an oratorio called "The Sistine Eve," a poem mildly Shelleyan in character, give the title.

Collected Plays and Poems, by Cale Young Rice. Two vols. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.00 net.

THE most interesting thing about the "Collected Plays and Poems" of Cale Young Rice is a page at the back, in which Gilbert Murray is quoted to this effect: "The great quality of Mr. Cale Young Rice's work is that, amid all the distractions and changes of contemporary taste, it remains true to the central drift of great poetry. His interests are very wide, his intellect always alert and thoughtful; his books open up a most varied world of emotion and romance. . . . Mr. Rice seeks poetry and he seeks beauty; and those who care for poetry and beauty will find happiness in reading him."

Gilbert Murray has given us moving and splendid poetic translations of Euripides, and has other claims upon our [illegible] contemporary letters to whom judgment. His taste should have selected unerringly the significant and hopeful in current poetry from out the spurious, the banal, the unimportant. So that to admirers of Gilbert Murray this pronouncement from him comes as something more than a surprise.

It is somewhat as though Matthew Arnold had written of Martin Tupper: "Mr. Tupper's poetry remains true, amid the vagaries of his distracted contemporaries, to the central drift of great poetry—the tradition of Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. Mr. Tupper's interests are very wide, Mr. Tupper's intellect always alert and thoughtful. Mr. Tupper seeks poetry and beauty, and those who care for poetry and beauty will find them in his works." F. D.

Frank Harris's Stories

The Veils of Isis and Other Stories, by Frank Harris. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

THERE is variety of place in the eleven stories which Mr. Frank Harris has collected in his new volume. He lays his scenes in London, Paris, Cimiez, Egypt, China, Moscow. Nearly everything in "A Daughter of Eve" happens on a schooner sailing along the coast of California. While reading "The Ugly Duckling" we spend most of our time in the water or the air.

Local color? Yes, you find it in this book, but you find also signs of impatience with stories that are essays in local coloring. "Within the Shadow" is Chinese, to be sure, but excepting a few words like "pagoda," which couldn't very well be left out, Mr. Harris leaves in nothing which ordinary story-writers would deem essential to their Chinese scene. His game is to restrict his palette. His subject is not an Orient which happens to be alien to us, but a deep unlikeness which happens to be Oriental. He paints the surface of a Chinese man and a Chinese woman, keeps us uneasily aware of watching invisible eyes, shows us what this surface usually hides, a passion living within the shadow of Chinese cruelty, yet unafraid.

What suggested "The Yellow Ticket" to its author? In Russia you pay less for a passport and a false name, if you know the ropes, than a Russian prostitute pays for the yellow ticket without which she isn't licensed to practice. Perhaps this fact, learned by accident one day, set Mr. Harris's imagination going. The result is a story which couldn't be literally true except in Russia, and which is otherwise true to human nature everywhere. You cannot help believing this story as you believe your own eyes and ears. You believe also that something quite different might equally well have occurred—would have occurred if the man in the case had been different. This is precisely how Mr. Harris wants you to feel. Had he wanted anything else he wouldn't have introduced, at the beginning of the story, whether by conscious art or happy instinct, a young man who is present for less than two pages. "The Yellow Ticket" is a story for all readers to remember and for craftsmen to learn from.

Possibly Hans Christian Andersen suggested "The Ugly Duckling." But quite as possibly Mr. Harris was looking about him for a form in which to cast his criticism of contemporary English life. His choice, however he came to make it, was successful, for the form he has found gives an air of newness to criticism that is not very new, and revives one's interest in the shortcomings of the morality criticized. And this form has also the greater merit of releasing the poetry in Frank Harris, of enabling him to present his quest of individual freedom, as mounting the air

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Readers who are disturbed whenever an author's values are not theirs will find in this volume many occasions of disturbance and not a few of perplexity. "A Daughter of Eve" is a case in point. I suspect Mr. Harris of intentions I am not perspicacious enough to detect. A "woman scorned" has a vague wish to show the man the worth of what he refused. She puts herself where he cannot help seeing other men's desire focussed upon her. To my mind the story is remarkable as a series of sharp, bright pictures of desire and desirability. So vivid are they that I am tolerant of my failure to see anything else in the story.

The variety of Mr. Harris's methods is extraordinary. On a small scale this variety may be seen by comparing "A Fool's Paradise" with "A Prostitute." Both are stories with explicit morals. Both are criticisms of life. But "A Fool's Paradise" is an ingenious special case, invented to give Mr. Harris's criticism point. "A Prostitute" is something that might have been observed, one supposes, by anybody familiar with French life. All the ingenuity is in the moral, which is stated in aesthetic terms, and which one is sure to remember when confronted with an imitation of love. It is a moral capable of altering a man's point of view.

Of course there are poor stories in the volume. Mr. Frank Harris has always been an in-and-out performer. But nobody need read the poor stories more than once. The good ones are not harmed by their associates. They are there to read and re-read, in gratitude for Mr. Harris's originality and talent. P. L.

Huneker Images

New Cosmopolis, a Book of Images, by James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

FIRST impressions: Why did Mr. Huneker collect and republish the articles which make up this book? Why did he ever publish them in magazines and newspapers? How came such a clever man as Mr. Huneker to write them at all?

Unforgettable and unforgivable are some of the things Mr. Huneker says about beer. He calls it "the cool brew," "the amber brew," "foaming nectar," "the wet blond masterpiece." A man who will write like that is a man without shame. Mr. Huneker knows better, ever so much better. He can also do worse, ever so much worse. Listen to him at his worst of all: "Bargain day is a marrow bone sweet to woman; sweeter even than the Votiform Appendix." Reader, did you ever yearn to make quiet, strong men weep? Call them to you and read aloud that sentence.

Second impression: Mr. Huneker is the most catholic liker in the world. He likes New York, Stendhal, beer, Ernest Lawson, shipping, Bach, Pelham Parkway, the Karlskirche in Vienna, fried oysters, Saint Gaudens' Farragut, Memling, Rupert Hughes, veal chops, Von Vondel's Luzifer, bean soup, Shelley, Jules Laforgue, Vance Thompson, locomotives, Piranesi, Berlin hotels and Cornelia van Oosterzee. Mr. Huneker is the only living man who likes both Rembrandt and Zuloaga, and Vermeer and Defregger and Van Gogh.

Not only catholic but indiscriminating? Not so indiscriminating as you might suppose. Take any one of the above items and collect Mr. Huneker's scattered dicta. Take beer. He doesn't like all beer. He likes beer at a certain temperature, Pilsner better than other beers, Pilsen Urquell—and you can't go to Prague without drinking its chief beverage—I can only say as a humble admirer of the liquid that makes pleased the palate but does not fatten, that not in Pilsen, its home, is the brew so artfully presented."

Third impression: A similar examination of Mr. Huneker upon all the items in the above list would establish this astounding fact: He has actually read the books of all the authors, seen the pictures of all the painters, heard the music of all the composers, slept in the hotels of all the towns, whose names he tosses off. At first his easy familiarity with these proper names appears unwarranted, but if you read enough of him you discover that it is nothing of the sort. In Mr. Huneker the habit of multifarious reference is neither the pretentiousness nor the affectation it sounds like. If he made up his mind not to talk shop he would have to stop writing. Everything is his shop.

Fourth impression: Impossible to guess in what degree Mr. Huneker is a perceiver. Signs of perceptiveness, appearing here and there on the flood of reference, soon sink out of sight. They sink, but he swims. Every temptation to throw him a life-preserver should be resisted. He doesn't need one. This flood is his native element, in which he can keep afloat indefinitely, swimming with unwearied energy at high speed.

Fifth impression and last: This book is a space-filler, written without sign of fatigue, written by a very energetic and omnivorous man, in a devil of a hurry, by a man who doesn't care what stuff the curtains are made of that he hangs between you and his cleverness and ability.

Not an impression but an objective truth: "New Cosmopolis" is a useful guide about many of the places it treats—about New York, Vienna, Prague, Madrid, Bruges, Rotterdam. M. F.

To the Anglo-American

Still Jim, by Honoré Willsie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.35 net.

MRS. WILLSIE is grappling with American misconceptions, and her book comes to us marked with the intensity of her struggle. It is the product of her desire to speak, and she has spoken in a parable. The story is square-cut and crude, it proceeds one foot after the other, like the ungraceful New Englander it tells of. Like most American novels it is worked from the outside in, not from the inside out. We can find in it few delicacies, few flashes of uncontrollable insight, few realistic inconsistencies. Yet there is about it an air of honest thinking and deliberate strength which makes criticism of literary method seem ungracious in view of what Mrs. Willsie is trying to say. What she does say is not in the least the sort of sentimental convention which is the burden of most novels having the same faults. She has seen American life freshly and vividly even if she has not seen individual lives so.

Jim Manning was born into one of the unlovely New England towns where the old homesteads have been divided up into tenements, with piles of potatoes and coal on the front verandas, where the hills are scarred with quarries and the rivers dirtied with factories, and the dwindling remnants of American-born stock, left behind when their more enterprising relatives emigrated to the West or the big cities, are struggling in hopeless competition with Italians, Poles, and other South-Europeans. Such towns have ceased to offer homes, places where [illegible]

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fathers, but communities debased by the scramble for quick profit, by a sense of impermanency—soulless places where there is no time for the cultures either of the vanishing race or of the prevailing ones.

Jim's father, who came of old New England stock and worked in the quarry as a day laborer, was bitterly conscious of this spiritual discomfort. He laid it all to the foreigners, whom he despised. Next him was a likable enough Italian, who, having been lured to America by dreams of wealth stimulated by steamship company agents, worked all the time he could, had innumerable children whom he set to work as soon as he could, and lived on next to nothing so that he could go back to Italy a rich man. Jim's father, on the other hand, had set his heart on sending Jim to college and bringing him up in decent surroundings. He couldn't afford any more children, could hardly afford to be married at all, in fact. Naturally, he hated and feared the kind of competition the Italian furnished. He hated the dirty smutches the Italians were making in his fathers' town, and he hated to think that the foreigners were contributing to the population ten children to his one. Nevertheless, he tried to impress on Jim his fathers' values of life. He told him to build solidly, not to make excuses, not to be a quitter. He told him to marry young and have a big family. This was all he left to Jim when he was crushed under a faulty derrick which the boss had thought "would do."

Jim took the situation very much to heart. Certain resolutions grew into him, the kind of resolutions that make a boy clench his fists and breathe deep when he is alone. He was proud of his father and proud of his race. He wanted to make the mark of the New Englander on the country. He wanted to do something big and honest that would prove to all posterity that the New Englander was worth something.

By luck Jim found the opportunity to be educated as a civil engineer. As he grew up, his liking for silence and work grew with him, and he lost neither his pride nor his sense of hostility to the "foreigner"—even in New York. He came to have almost a religious faith in what he was to do, unaided. Once he decided a thing, it seemed to him settled. It was for this reason that after he had kissed Penelope, and told her the kiss was his "sign and seal" on her, he went West alone and left her to be won by Saradokis, the warm-blooded Greek.

It was the United States Reclamation Service that entangled his imagination. Building great concrete dams in the mountains so that the desert might flower for succeeding generations seemed to him supremely worth doing. He was a good engineer, and he loved his dams as a father loves his son. He liked the wide spaces, the purple buttes, the gold-brown floods. He liked to work for his country's government. And after Penelope married Saradokis he "married his job."

It did not bother him much when the farmers who were to pay for the dam objected because he was putting too much money into the construction, or because he did not not run his irrigation canals to suit them. When they accused him of graft, he maintained a contemptuous silence, because he knew the water power trust was stirring them up. His job was engineering, not politics. He proposed to build the "best he knew how," without stooping to explain. The dam was his business, and he resented interference. He intended to make it his thumb-print on eternity. Even the astute Secretary of the Interior could not make him see that a man can't even do his own job his impressions. In "Fantastics and Other Fancies" they

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It was Irish Penelope who punctured his vanity. "You are just like all the rest of what you call the Anglo-Americans. You go about feeling superior and abused and calling the immigrants hard names. You are just a lot of quitters . . . After you Anglo-Americans founded the government most of you went to money-making and left it to be administered by people who were racially and traditionally different from you. You left your immigration problems to sentimentalists and money-makers. You left the law-making to money-makers. You refused to serve the nation in a disinterested, future-seeing way which was your duty if you wanted your institutions to live. You descendants of New England are quitters. And you are going to lose your dam because of that simple fact."

Jim found out that social salvation is the bed-rock on which individual salvation must be built. He remembered that there had been Anglo-American employers as well as Italian laborers. He learned that the genius for dealing with human beings is the one necessary genius in any democratic experiment. It was pure luck that gave to Jim the chance of winning back Penelope and the dam. But the book leaves one with the sense that no mere luck will give back to other Anglo-Americans a chance for sharing in the culture of America.

GEORGE SOULE.

The Exotic in Prose

Fantastics and Other Fancies, by Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00 net.

"FANTASTICS" is the name Hearn gave to a series of romantic sketches he wrote for the *Item,* the first newspaper which employed him in New Orleans. In a letter he refers to one of them as belonging to his "period of gush." They are partly literary exercises, for he was engaged at the time in translating and adapting from strange literatures; and partly they are the product of his absorption in love and death as themes for romantic narrative. The ink of Théophile Gautier flows in his veins, and he is touched with the spirit of Edgar Allan Poe. The mysterious, the unhuman and the haunting are made to seem real as they can only be for one who shudders at the images of his own imagination. Like Gautier's, his literary taste is exquisite. His delight, even more than Poe's, is in the richness of his sense impressions, but there is less fascination for him in the perplexities of narrative than in perfection of phrase. Romance is in the air of the old Spanish streets through which he wanders, and it lives in the enameled lord and lady on an old French snuff-box. That "A Kiss Fantastical," "When I Was a Flower," "The Bird and the Girl," and "The Fountain of Gold" should have represented to Hearn himself the story of the life about him, shows that his New Orleans was a world of legend and of exotic suggestion rather than of human beings.

In New Orleans he found again the warm skies and the voluptuous nature from which he had been banished since his Leucadian childhood. His earliest impressions persisted through the uncongenial years in commercial, progressive Cincinnati, and the "Fantastics" are at once rediscoveries of moods and sensations and a novitiate in the service of the mysterious suggestions of exquisite language. With the product of the mature Hearn who wrote "Kokoro" and "Japan, an attempt at Interpretation," the volume has this in common, that here as always Hearn was interpreting his impressions. In "Fantastics and Other Fancies" they

A List of Spring Books

A selection of the more important spring publications is here offered for the convenience of our readers:

Criticism and Impression

Unpublished Prose and Letters, by John Muir. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
The Breath of Life, by John Burroughs. $1.50 net (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
New Cosmopolis, by James Huneker. $1.50 net (Charles Scribner's Sons)
The Little Man, by John Galsworthy. $1.30 net (Charles Scribner's Sons)
Contemporary Portraits, by Frank Harris. $2.50 net (Mitchell Kennerley)
The World of H. G. Wells, by Van Wyck Brooks. $1.25 net (Mitchell Kennerley)
Oxford Book of American Essays. $1.25 net (Oxford University Press)
Journeys to Bagdad, by Chas. S. Brooks. (Yale University Press)
Writers of the Day Series: H. G. Wells, by J. D. Beresford; Joseph Conrad, by Hugh Walpole; Anatole France, by W. L. George, per vol. 50 cents net (Henry Holt & Co.)
An Outline of Russian Literature, by Maurice Baring. 50 cents net (Henry Holt & Co.)
Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Oscar W. Firkins. $1.75 net (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
William Blake, by P. Berger. $5 net (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
The Life of Nietzsche, by Frau Forster-Nietzsche, trans. by A. M. Ludovici and Paul V. Cohn, Vol. II., The Lonely Nietzsche. $4 net (Sturgis & Walton Co.)
The Beginnings of Buddhist Art, by A. Foucher, trans. by L. A. and F. W. Thomas (Oxford University Press)
A Short History of Russian Music, by Arthur Pougin. $1.75 net (Brentano)
Bramble-bees and Others, by J. Henri Fabre, trans. by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. $1.50 net (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
Adventures among Birds, by W. H. Hudson. $2.50 net (Mitchell Kennerley)
Visions and Revisions, by John Cowper Powys. (G. Arnold Shaw)
The French in the Heart of America, by John Finley. $2.50 net (Charles Scribner's Sons)

The War and its Background

The Confessions of Frederick the Great, and Treitschke's "Life of Frederick," edited, with topical and historical Introduction by Douglas Sladen. $1.25 net (G. P. Putnam's Sons)
The History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century, by Heinrich von Treitschke, trans. by M. E. Paul, to be completed in seven vols. Vol. I. $3 net (McBride, Nast & Co.)
Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812, by Edward Foord. $4 net (Little, Brown & Co.)
The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. $2.50 net (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
Hellenic Civilization, by G. W. Botsford, Ph.D., and E. G. Sihler, Ph.D. (Columbia University Press)
America and the World-State, a plea for American leadership in international organization, by Norman Angell. $1.25 net (G. P. Putnam's Sons)
The Evidence in the Case, by James M. Beck, with Introduction by Joseph Choate, revised edition. $1 net (G. P. Putnam's Sons)
The Belgian Spirit, by Emile Verhaeren. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
Pan-Americanism, a forecast of the inevitable clash between the United States and Europe's victor, by Roland G. Usher. $2 net (Century Co.)
Arms and the Race, difficulties in the way of disarmament, by R. M. Johnston. $1 net (Century Co.)
The Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain and Nineteenth Century Europe, by J. A. Cramb. $1.50 net (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
German World Policies, by Paul Rohrbach, trans. from the German by Edmund von Mach. (The Macmillan Co.)
The Great War, the first phase, from the assassination of the Archduke to the fall of Antwerp, by Frank H. Simonds, revised edition. $1.25 net (Mitchell Kennerley)
The Great War, the second phase, from the fall of Antwerp to April, 1915, by Frank H. Simonds. $1.25 net (Mitchell Kennerley)
The Campaign in France, by G. H. Perris. $2.50 net (Henry Holt & Co.)
Christianity and International Peace, by Charles E. Jefferson. $1.25 net (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.)
America and Her Problems, by Paul Benjamin D'Estournelles de Constant (The Macmillan Co.)

Fiction

Bealby, by H. G. Wells. $1.35 net (The Macmillan Co.)
A Far Country, by Winston Churchill. $1.50 net (The Macmillan Co.)
The Harbor, by Ernest Poole. $1.40 (The Macmillan Co.)
A Great Tradition, by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. $1.35 net (Charles Scribner's Sons)
Angela's Business, a comedy of temporary spinsters, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. $1.35 net (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
Victory, by Joseph Conrad. $1.35 net (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
The Turmoil, by Booth Tarkington. $1.35 net (Harper & Brothers)
Mushroom Town, by Oliver Onions. $1.25 net (George H. Doran Co.)
Young Earnest, by Gilbert Cannan. $1.35 net (D. Appleton & Co.)
Fidelity, by Susan Glaspell. $1.35 net (Small, Maynard & Co.)
Still Jim, by Honoré Willsie. $1.35 net (F. A. Stokes Co.)
Hillsboro People, by Dorothy Canfield. $1.35 net (Henry Holt & Co.)
The Will to Live, by Henry Bordeaux, trans. from the French by Pitts Duffield. 75 cents net (Duffield & Co.)

Lighter Fiction

Jaffrey, by William J. Locke. $1.35 net (John Lane Co.)
The Good Soldier, by Ford Madox Hueffer. $1.25 net (John Lane Co.)
Martha of the Mennonite Country, by Helen R. Martin. $1.35 net (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
The Idyl of Twin Fires, by Walter Pritchard Eaton. $1.35 net (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
The Competitive Nephew, by Montague Glass. $1.20 net (Doubleday Page & Co.)
The Lone Star Ranger, by Zane Grey. $1.35 net (Harper & Brothers)
Barbara's Marriages, by Maude Radford Warren. $1.35 net (Harper & Brothers)
The Valley of Fear, a Sherlock Holmes novel, by Arthur Conan Doyle. $1.25 net (George H. Doran Co.)
Thankful's Inheritance, by Joseph C. Lincoln. $1.35 net (D. Appleton & Co.)
A Girl of the Blue Ridge, by Payne Erskine. $1.35 net (Little, Brown & Co.)
Sheep's Clothing, by Louis Joseph Vance. $1.25 net (Little, Brown & Co.)
The Diary of a Beauty, by Molly Elliot Seawell. $1.25 net (J. B. Lippincott Co.)
The Man of Iron, by "Richard Dehan." $1.35 net (F. A. Stokes Co.)

Verse

Songs from the Clay, by James Stephens. $1.00 net (Macmillan Co.)
Some Imagist Poets, an anthology. 75 cents net (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
Irradiations, sand and spray, by John Gould Fletcher. 75 cents net (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
Panama, and other poems, narrative and occasional, by Stephen Phillips. $1.25 net (John Lane Co.)
Poems of Emile Verhaeren, selected and rendered into English by Alma Strettel, revised edition. $1.00 net (John Lane Co.)
The Man on the Hilltop, and other poems, by Arthur Davison Ficke. $1.25 net (Mitchell Kennerley)
Poems, by Brian Hooker. $1 net (Yale University Press)
North of Boston, by Robert Frost. $1.25 net (Henry Holt & Co.)
Spoon River Anthology, by Edgar L. Masters. $1.25 net (The Macmillan Co.)

The Drama

The Faithful, by John Masefield. (The Macmillan Co.)
Possession, and other one-act plays, by George Middleton. $1.35 net (Henry Holt & Co.)
Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann, Vol. V., Symbolic and Legendary Dramas. $1.50 net (B. W. Huebsch)
The Technique of the Drama, by George P. Baker. $2 net (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
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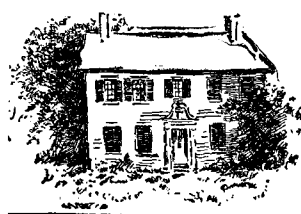

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